

THE
UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1835.

THE SILK PURSE, OR THE TRIUMPH
OF TRUTH.

Original.

ABOUT the year 1803, I was passing up Main-street, in Charlestown, and noticed with peculiar satisfaction a large tree before me, which overshadowed the street, not far from the junction of Warren with Main-street, at the point where Mr. Craft's apothecary shop is at present kept. I say that I looked upon this tree with pleasure, for the works of God never appear to better advantage than when contrasted with the works of man. Trees in a city or town are an ornament which I am glad to perceive is becoming common; inasmuch as it is a pledge that nature and nature's God will not be forgotten in the multiplicity of the works of art.

But as I drew nearer to the tree I perceived that a cluster of boys was gathered about it, and they were looking up towards the branches as at some object in which they were particularly interested. Before I reached the spot, several men had paused to look up also, and they seemed to exhibit considerable interest in what was going forward aloft. As I came up, my attention was forcibly attracted by a very pretty girl, not more than six years of age, who was wringing her hands in agony, while the tears streamed down her young cheeks, and crying in tones of anxious distress, 'My little green purse! my little green purse!' She stood at a little distance from the other spectators, but her eyes were also fixed on the tree, and with an intensesness that did not seem at all in accordance with her oft-repeated exclamation. I then perceived that a boy was on one of the topmost branches of the tree, but was at a loss to conceive what connection there could be between the little green purse, which the child so violently lamented, and the climbing boy. I immediately addressed the little girl, and asked her why she wept, and what was the meaning of her words.

'It's up there, sir—it's up there!' was her answer.—'My little green purse—oh dear, I shall never get it again!'

'Do you mean to say,' said I, 'that the boy whom we see in the tree has your purse in his possession?'

'No, no, he has not got it. He can't get it, and if he did, he would keep it,' replied she. 'There it is—I see it now.'

I was very much puzzled to account for this behavior on the part of the girl, and looked around upon some of the bystanders who had come up to listen to our conversation, for a clue to the mystery; but they appeared as much puzzled as myself.

'How came your purse up there?' continued I to the weeping girl.

'Robert tied it to his kite and—' The mystery was explained. I looked up and saw the end of the

tail of a kite dangling beneath one of the branches, and at the extremity of the tail was something resembling a purse.

'And who is this Robert, my little girl, and why did he fasten your purse to his kite?'

'I do n't know why he did it,' replied she, sobbing, 'but he is my master's son, and does as he pleases. He took my little green purse away, and fastened it to his kite, and I ran clear up on Bunker Hill after it, and begged him to give it to me, but he would not, and he flied his kite, until it was almost out of sight in the air; but the string broke, and the kite flew a great ways over the houses, and at last it lodged in this tree; and Robert has climbed up to get his kite, but he will get my purse too, and will not give it to me.'

'Well, well, my dear,' said I soothingly, 'do not grieve for the purse. There are a plenty of purses to be got, and I will give you money to buy a new one. Therefore, make your mind easy.'

'Oh, no, no—it will not be that purse!' answered the little innocent. 'It will not be my own little green purse.'

'Perhaps it is a keepsake that you have received from some one whom you love?'

'Yes, sir,' said she, still sobbing, 'when Goody died, she gave it to me. She was thin and pale, and her voice was weak, and the large veins bulged out on her hands, and her eyes looked wild—then she called me to her bedside, and said that she was going to die, and I cried, because she was the only friend that I had in the world. I asked her who would take care of me when she was gone, and she then clasped her hands, and said she had been a very wicked woman, but she hoped for mercy through Jesus Christ. Then she handed me the little green purse, and asked me if I knew how to keep a promise. I told her yes, and she put the purse into my hand, and said "will you promise never to part with this purse as long as you live?" I promised—and now if I lose it I shall be guilty of telling a lie.'

'Who told you that it was wicked to tell a lie?'

'I do n't recollect,' said she—'but I know that once when I told a lie, I felt so miserable that I could not sleep, and I lay awake and did nothing but cry all night.'

'I admire your regard to the truth, my dear child,' said I—'cherish the noble principle through life, and you will reap a reward. But recollect that if you lose the purse by accident or through the wantonness of another, it will not be a lie. Unless you voluntarily part with the purse, you will have kept your promise, so far as lays in your power, and that is all that is required of you. But I will do all I can to aid you in recovering the purse.'

Before I had done speaking, Robert gave the

branch a hearty shake, and the kite fell from the bough on which it had first lodged and stuck on a bunch of leaves nearer the ground. A couple of boys threw stones at it, while the little girl stood in eager and trembling expectation, watching their progress. They did not seem very likely to succeed, when a butcher's boy who happened to be passing with a club in his hand, threw it with all his might, and struck the kite, which was knocked to fragments, and the tail came tumbling to the ground. Quick as thought several men sprang to it, tore away the green purse, and presented it to the little girl. She seized it with both hands, and jumped up and down for joy. She thanked the man who had given it to her in a manner so polite and well-bred that we were all surprised that one so young should know how to express herself so properly. Robert hurried down from the tree, very angry at the destruction of his kite, and made up to the little girl for the purpose of revenging himself by taking away the purse; but we held him back. He rolled up his angry eyes at us and said, 'Do you know who I am? I am squire ——'s son.'

'The more is the pity,' said an old gentleman present, 'that squire ——'s son should not know how to behave so well as this poor, little friendless girl!'

Robert looked at the speaker, but when he saw it was one of the first men in town, he took his ball of twine from the hand of one of his companions and sneaked off, casting sheepish glances behind, as he went. After inquiring the little girl's name, which was Alice Boardman, I went on my way, never expecting to see her more; but several weeks ago, I became acquainted with her subsequent history, which I here present to the reader. Little Alice had been carried to Boston by a poor old woman, by the name of Goody Boardman, when she was about three years of age. She said that Alice was her grand-daughter, and that the child's mother was dead. This was the general belief; although Goody was never known to treat Alice with much tenderness. She lived in an obscure street, and in one of those little hovels which the poor are sometimes obliged to inhabit. But for the charity of the neighbors the old woman would sometimes have suffered for want of the necessaries of life. Little Alice was sent out, in all weathers, to get chips for the old woman; and many persons who met her in the street, were much surprised that such a beautiful child should be sent on such errands. But when they learned that she lived in a ten-foot building, and was Goody Boardman's grandchild, their sympathies evaporated strangely. When Goody died, she was buried at the charge of the town, and little Alice was taken by a charitable lady with whom she lived for a few months, when squire —— of Charlestown took her off her hands. The squire's family, however, were not very kind to her, and she now felt her forlorn condition more sensibly than she had done since the death of the old woman. The squire's lady attired her in coarse garments, and made her work beyond her strength, which caused poor Alice to weep in secret, although she dare not complain openly. She had lived in this situation six

months, when the affair of the kite took place. After rescuing her green purse, she went directly home and hid it away in a safe place, so that no one should be able to deprive her of it again. But Robert was now more cruel to her than ever, and he took every occasion to torment her; while his mother did not reprove him for it, as she considered Alice too much beneath her children to be rescued from their persecutions when they thought proper to make her cry. Alice had a very intelligent mind, and she sometimes asked her mistress questions which betrayed a power of thought very unusual in one so young; but her mistress would tell her to mind her work, and not trouble herself with subjects which did not belong to her humble sphere. The lady answered thus, partly because she was unable to satisfy Alice's mind, and partly because Alice was Goody Boardman's grandchild. Any woman of a cultivated intellect would have admired Alice's precocity, but her mistress had never thought much about anything else but money. The poor child exerted herself to the utmost in order to please those who had her in charge, but her efforts were unavailing, and she watered her pillow with her tears. She was, however, destined soon to find a youthful friend—one who would not taunt her with her poverty, or laugh at her tears. She had one evening walked out into a field to indulge her grief, when she met a gaily dressed little girl who asked her why she wept. Alice dried her tears as well as she was able, and tried to look cheerful, but the other little girl perceived that she was unhappy and that she was very pretty, and took a great fancy to her. They walked together about an hour, and a friendship grew out of this first meeting. When they parted, the other girl made Alice promise to meet her there again on the next evening, and told her that she loved her very much 'because she behaved so pretty, and was so handsome too.' Alice went home comparatively happy. It was the first time that she had listened to the accents of kindness, and her little heart swelled with gratitude. She thought of the young stranger half the night, and then only went to sleep to dream of her. On the next evening Alice repaired to the field, and found the other girl waiting for her, under a large willow, which was the place agreed upon for their next meeting. As the air was rather chilly, the stranger invited Alice to walk over with her to her father's house.—While on the way thither, Alice learned that her young companion was the daughter of Mr. L——, one of the richest men in Charlestown, and that her name was Mary. On arriving at the splendid seat of Mr. L——, Alice was led directly into the parlor, where sat lady L—— upon a costly sofa. As the room had been darkened to keep out the flies, lady L—— could not see Alice's dress distinctly, and treated her very politely. Alice talked very sensibly, and the lady was charmed with her.

'Pray what is your name, my little lady?' inquired she tenderly.

'Alice Boardman,' replied our heroine.

'What!' said the other, starting up in surprise—'Are you the girl that works for squire ——?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Mary, my dear, you had better go to bed; it is

getting late,' said the lady very coldly—'Little girl, you had better run home. Your folks may be wanting you for something.'

Alice was possessed of very fine feelings, and she blushed to the temples, but she seized her little blue hat, and tripped off without waiting for a second bidding. Mary stood a moment gazing after Alice, and then bursting into tears fled from the room.

Alice was so much hurt that she did not go again to the tree, supposing that Mary would be forbidden to speak to her; but, on the third day, Mary came to the squire's to inquire after Alice. She found Alice in the kitchen on her hands and knees scouring a pair of brass andirons. Alice blushed when she looked at Mary's rich and tasty dress, and compared her appearance with that which she, herself, at that moment, presented. Not so with Mary. She ran directly up to the little sufferer, and throwing her arms about her neck, began to chide her for so long neglecting to come to the willow tree. Alice was much affected by Mary's noble disinterestedness; but when Alice's mistress came into the room and saw the two girls embracing each other so fondly, and talking familiarly together, she could not conceal her astonishment. But she dare not say a word about it, as Mary's family was considered much higher than her own. She addressed Mary, therefore, in terms of great kindness, and pretended not to notice the intimacy of the two children. She thought that Mary would gladly quit Alice to talk to herself, and asked the former to follow her into the parlor.

'I thank you, ma'am,' said Mary, 'but I had rather stay with my dear little Alice.'

The lady hurried away to conceal her vexation, and the two girls went on with their conversation, as if there was no such person as lady—in the world.

'What are you doing with those books?' inquired Alice, seeing that Mary carried a couple.

'I have just come from school,' said Mary.

'School!' returned Alice, 'I wish I could go to school. I do not even know my letters.'

'What! you not know your letters!' exclaimed Mary. 'You speak more properly than one half of those who have been to school all their lives. You astonish me. Well, I'll tell you what I should delight to do. I will come here every evening, and teach you to read.'

Alice was very much overjoyed at the proposal, and soon the two friends separated.

Alice's mistress treated her with a little more respect, now that she discovered Mary was her friend, and when the poor girl reflected that she owed the change entirely to Mary, her gratitude was sometimes oppressive to her tender heart. Mary was punctual to her agreement. She came every evening to teach Alice to read, and she found an apt scholar, indeed, for it was not many weeks before the pupil could read as well as the tutor. Alice's whole heart was now bound up in Mary, and every moment that she spent in her society was prized more than all her preceding life.

It was about this time that Mary happened to see the little green purse in the hand of Alice.

'It is a curiously wrought trinket,' said Mary, 'I never saw one like it before. You shall give this to me to remember you by.'

'Gladly would I give you ten thousand such,' said Alice, 'if I had them at my disposal, but, dear Mary, I am solemnly pledged not to part with this.'

'Oh, my dear!' returned the other, a little discomposed, 'I do not want it for the value of the thing. Father would buy me a bushel of purses, if I desired him—but this one of yours is very peculiar. It is a curiosity which I should like to put in my museum. That is all.'

'Dear Mary, you know that I love you more than all the rest of the world, but I have promised to—'

Oh! no excuses, then—no matter—I can do without it,' said Mary coloring. 'If you have another friend to whom you have promised it, give it to her by all means. Only I thought that you and I—'

'To be sure! certainly!' cried Alice writhing with agony, 'you should be preferred before all the world if I had not given my word that I would never part with it.'

'Do you think there is any thing in this world that I would have refused you?' said Mary.

'No. I know—'

'Stop, Alice, and hear me out, if you please. I would have taken the shoes off my feet—these diamond rings from my fingers and given you all—every thing, if you had but looked as if you wanted them. I would not have said that my promises to another friend were in the way. But keep it, if you want it so badly.'

Alice had sunk back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, when the latter part of this speech was uttered. Her heart was bursting with grief, and she had not power to speak. She felt that she owed every thing to the kindness of her friend—that Mary had been the first who had ever taken compassion on her—that the voice of sympathy was a stranger to her ear, until Mary had braved the opinion of her more experienced, but less reasonable elders—that she had sought her in the kitchen or the garret, and never showed, by look or deed, that she perceived any difference between their stations in life—Mary had taught her to read, and, by so doing, had opened her eyes upon a new world—and now was she obliged to hold out the appearance of ingratitude to the first, last and only friend that she ever knew! She reached out her arms for the purpose of embracing Mary, and weeping upon her neck—but as soon as her hands were taken from her eyes, she perceived that the high-spirited young girl had gone.

'Mary! Mary!' cried the half-distracted Alice, running out of doors—but Mary had turned a corner, and was not in sight. Alice returned to the house, and threw herself into a chair, where she sat with clenched hands, and a face as pale as marble, the image of despair. Her mistress had been a witness to the foregoing scene, although unobserved by the girls; and right glad was she that Mary had left the house in anger. She knew that the friend of Alice would never return, for the family to which she belonged, though generous to their favorites, never forgave an offence, and especially such an one as apparent ingratitude.

'How now, hussy!' cried the lady, entering abruptly, 'why do you sit there moping, when there is so much work to be done? Get up, young impudence! Clean those knives and forks at once, and let me see no more books about. Fine times, indeed! Pull that dutch oven further back from the fire. Off to the pump and get a pail of water. It is some time since the birch has been applied to your shoulders.'

The cruelty of the lady operated beneficially upon the mind of Alice. It had exactly the contrary effect to that for which it was intended. Instead of depressing her still more, it acted like a diversion in her favor. The deadly spell was broken by the violence of her mistress, as sharp drinks dispel bile from the stomach. Alice rallied, and obeyed the woman, although with a soul torn by the most agonizing reflections. Many a long evening did poor Alice watch and wait in vain for the return of her friend. Mary was to her as one dead. She had but just tasted of happiness to be plunged back again into worse misery than ever. Her appetite forsook her. She grew pale and wan. For some months the sorrowing girl pined in solitary wretchedness, but time gradually erased the marks of woe, and Alice once more learned to be alone; although she never could think of Mary, and the happy days which she had spent in her society, without a throb of anguish that was almost insupportable.

Alice had now reached her ninth year, and began to improve herself in feminine acquirements. It is true that she had not much time to devote to these things; but she learned, with amazing rapidity, anything that she attempted. After her day's work was done, and the family were gone to bed, she would sit down to study. By this means she soon became as learned as her master's children, and was much more capable of understanding the application of what she learned, than any of them. She also watched the movements of a seamstress who lived in the family, and became expert in fine needle-work. All these things she learned without a teacher, and while bearing up under the severest servitude, and the most cruel tyranny. By the time she was eleven years old, she was capable of teaching a school, and was an adept in needlework. She determined no longer to continue at a place where unreasonable demands were made upon her strength, when she knew that nature had never designed her for such a sphere. Her form was light and active; her beauty increased as she grew older—her hands and feet were remarkably small for one in her station. Without a friend or patron in the world, she succeeded in obtaining a situation in a small family as seamstress. The squire's lady was equally astonished and offended, when she found that Alice was about to leave her; for the poor girl had been so faithful, honest, and so vigilant, that she felt she should not be able to supply her place immediately. But Alice escaped from her thralldom without bettering her condition greatly. It is true that her labor was not so fatiguing, but the persons with whom she lived were remarkably miserly and narrow-minded. She received a mere trifle for her services, and was not enabled to provide herself with such clothing as became her. Mrs. Cotton, for that

was the name of the woman in whose service she now was, considered Alice a poor outcast, and therefore one upon whom she had a right to impose. Alice felt her forlorn condition more forcibly as she grew older, and became convinced that there were very few such people as Mary in the world. She sighed over her destiny, for there was not one person in existence to whom she was permitted to address the language of friendship. She saw other girls blessed with parents and kind friends, while she was bereft of all. If she was sick, no kind mother smoothed her pillow; no father took her aching head upon his bosom; no friend called in to inquire after her health; but she was obliged to retire to her humble bed in the garret, and there suffer alone, without one solitary comforter. When she had been with Mrs. Cotton about two years, a young lady from Boston paid her mistress a visit. This young lady turned up her nose with contempt when she saw the humble garb in which Alice was dressed, and, as she was not beautiful herself, she felt angry that the poor friendless Alice should be so incomparably lovely. She took every occasion to hurt Alice's feelings; until seeing the green purse which our heroine carried in her bosom, she suddenly took a great fancy to the bauble, and requested Alice to give it to her, in a tone which partook more of the nature of a command than an entreaty. Alice politely replied that the purse was not at her own disposal, for that she had promised never to part with it.

'Do you understand the lady?' said Mrs. Cotton sharply, 'she wants that purse.'

'I am sorry that it is not in my power to gratify her,' replied Alice, coloring; 'but I am bound to keep my promise.'

'Well, well, if servants have not got to be very impudent lately then I do n't know nothing about it!' cried the vulgar Mrs. Cotton.

The young lady appeared very much astonished at the pertinacity of Alice, and whispered to Mrs. Cotton that she 'would turn the saucy hussy, bag and baggage into the street;' but Mrs. Cotton felt no inclination to do that, as Alice's services were bought too cheap to be dispensed with so readily; but she gave our heroine a severe reprimand, when the visitor was gone, telling her that the young lady's father was worth ten thousand dollars.

Thus passed the time until Alice was nearly sixteen years old. Our heroine had, by this time, become an excellent scholar; for all her leisure had been devoted to the improvement of her mind. Her personal charms were now expanding into womanhood, and a more accomplished and lovely girl has seldom been seen than was the friendless and despised Alice, at this period of her life. It was then that a youth, by the name of George Perkins first saw her. He had come to the house to leave a letter for Mr. Cotton, and when Alice opened the door, he was forcibly struck with her beauty. He did not notice the impoverished appearance of her dress, but his eyes were riveted upon her countenance—a countenance so full of witching attractions that it was difficult to avoid remarking it. He delayed his stay as long as he could, conveniently, in order to enjoy the sight of her as long as possible. He made inquiries

after the family, which Alice answered so gracefully and with so much unaffected modesty, that he became convinced her mind was as attractive as her person. George was a young man of considerable abilities, and possessed of an original mind; he had an opinion of his own, and was not to be shaken by the notions of others. He was comfortably provided with this world's goods; but not extremely rich.—He had never before seen a girl who came up to his ideas of perfection, and when he bade Alice adieu, he resolved that he would attempt to gain another interview. But this was no easy matter, as he was very slightly acquainted with the family; but true affection is ingenious in contrivances, and he soon formed a plan for obtaining another view of the peerless girl, whose dove-like eyes and pensive demeanor had made so strong an impression upon his imagination. He found on inquiry that squire ——'s family were acquainted with her. He knew the squire's lady, and called upon her one afternoon on some trivial pretence.

'Are you acquainted with a young lady who resides with Mrs. Cotton?' demanded he with a faltering accent.

'There is a girl who lives there, by the name of Alice Boardman;' returned she scornfully. 'She was a servant of mine, but she was so perverse and idle that I could not keep her; and she went to Mr. Cotton's.'

'A servant!' ejaculated George. 'Indeed this cannot then be the person, for the one to whom I allude had the most ladylike air of any girl that I have lately had the happiness to speak with.'

The squire's wife knew that George had seen Alice, but replied, 'Oh, very likely. It was some visitor that you saw, I presume; for Alice Boardman is a coarse girl, and dresses very badly. She looks more like a beggar than a lady.'

'Well, then it must have been Miss Boardman after all,' said he; 'for I do now recollect that she was poorly dressed; although, when I saw her, I was so completely fascinated by her beauty that I did not pay any attention to her dress. She was like a priceless jewel in a rough casket. But, pray, do you know how I can obtain an introduction to her?'

'What! to a servant girl, Mr. Perkins?' cried the lady. 'Indeed, sir, you must be out of your senses. She is beneath your notice.'

George was a keen observer of human nature, and had very early perceived that Mrs. —— was no friend to Alice. As he knew the lady's disposition pretty well, he was not surprised that she and Alice should not be on very good terms. But he felt a little piqued at the manner in which the former now reproved him, and he answered, 'I may be able to discover what she is when I get acquainted with her.—You know that our tastes are not all alike. All I came to inquire of you, madam, was, how I should contrive to be introduced to her.'

'My son Robert is acquainted with the family,' answered she; 'and can go with you to the house, although he will not speak to Alice. I hope he has more self-respect than all that comes to.'

George went in search of Robert, and the latter

agreed to call at Mr. Cotton's, with his friend, in the evening.

They went accordingly. They found Mrs. Cotton and Alice together in the sitting room. Robert introduced his friend, and George was not backward in opening a conversation with Alice. The latter was, at first, a little surprised, for heretofore she had been regarded by visitors as some part of the furniture of the room, without sense or feeling. But it was far different now. With all the urbanity natural to him, with his open countenance glowing with admiration, and beaming with intelligence, George drew the timid girl into conversation. The riches of her mind began to unroll themselves to his view. He was transported with love and delight. He forgot that there was anybody in the room but Alice and himself. He found her a kindred spirit, in every respect, and he would not have exchanged his situation with that of a prince on the throne. Mrs. Cotton and Robert sat at a little distance from the interesting pair, eyeing them with surprise and indignation. Mrs. Cotton now began to fidget, and contrived to send Alice out of the room on some trivial errand. But the sweet girl soon returned, and George only made up for lost time by talking the faster. Before George left the house, he obtained permission from Alice to visit her. He shortly after took advantage of this liberty. His visits became more and more frequent; until he, at length, unbosomed his glowing heart to the enamored girl and was accepted. He prized her the more, that he had found her in a situation so unworthy of her. He was astonished no less by the depth of her mind, the delicacy of her feelings, and the originality of her sentiments, than by her extreme beauty of person. He took a pleasure in protecting and soothing one whom every body else had forsaken. A tender pity was mingled with the ardent love which he felt for her. Nor was Alice insensible to his disinterestedness. She knew that he was in a station of life far above her, that wealthy damsels would gladly win him with their smiles, while he had turned his back upon all for the sake of her—the despised and friendless one. Her brain whirled with a delirium of extatic bliss. Her heart was melted within her by the fires of gratitude. Her love was unbounded. Every look, every word, every action of his was fraught with supernatural excellence, in her view. When in his presence, she forgot that she was on earth, and fancied herself in paradise. Even Mary was now wholly forgotten. Every thing was swallowed up in her deep and fervent love for him who had given his heart to her—to her, the poor, deserted Alice! Two months flew away like so many days while she was beloved by that excellent youth. Her sleep was full of dreams, such as first love in a pure virgin heart engenders. She saw him stand before her in the visions of the night; she heard the soft but manly tones of his voice breathed in her slumbering ear. She was indeed happy! It was at this time that George made her many valuable presents, which she treasured up as sacredly as the apple of her eye. One evening he informing her that he was about going out of town for a couple of weeks on business, and that he should be pleased if she would give him some little keepsake to look upon in his absence. Poor Alice blush-

ed when she recollected that her slender means afforded him nothing worthy his acceptance, excepting the presents which he, himself, had given her. He perceived her embarrassment.

'Anything, dear Alice,' said he—'any trifle, I care not what it is. This little green purse on your work-basket is just as good as anything else;' and he took it up and held it in his hand.

Alice turned pale, as she answered, 'My own dearest George, I regret that it is out of my power—'

'Oh! no,' interrupted he—'I want no costly present. This is very pretty, and, now I look at it, it is a very singular piece of workmanship;' and he was about putting it into his pocket.

Alice burst into tears, and trembled all over, as she said, 'Now, George, do n't be offended—do n't think strange, but I cannot—I have promised never to part with that purse!' and she leaned on her lover's shoulder for support.

'This is strange,' said George, very much struck by her manner, and a vague suspicion crossed his brain. 'Tell me, dear Alice, tell me truly—did you ever love another?'

'No—no—never any other but you!' sighed she faintly, and sinking into her chair.

'Why then, my dear girl, so tenacious about this purse? Now, had it been the gift of love—'

'My grandmother, on her death-bed—' Alice stopped for her heart was too full to proceed.

George seemed a little touched by what she had last said; but, quickly recovering, he rejoined, 'Well, but my child, I shall not lose the purse. I only want it while I am away, to look at and remember you. You shall have it when I come back.'

'I have promised NEVER to part with it,' said Alice, horribly distressed.

'Surely, my girl, you are not afraid to trust it in my hands. It will be as safe with me as with you. Do you think so lightly of my love, as to imagine that I could ever lose anything which you had given me? Really, Alice, this does not look like confiding affection. You do not esteem me as you ought!'

'Say anything but that! say any thing but that!' exclaimed she, clasping his kness—'Oh, do not tell me that I cease to know you as my all—my every thing upon earth. Every thing do I owe to you! You sought me in the midst of poverty and distress. You smiled when every one else frowned. You stood between me and the world's scorn. You have warded the shafts of hatred from my bosom! Never, never think, that all unworthy as I am, I can love you less.'

'Why then refuse this trifling boon?' asked he—'why fear to place in my hands any thing that belongs to yourself? All that I have is yours—I am yours, and I would trust you with every thing that I possess.'

'I know it—I know it—but I cannot tell a falsehood!' said Alice, looking imploringly into his averted face.

George disengaged himself from her embrace. He stood a moment looking her steadily in the face, and then said, in a calm but stern tone—a tone in which he had never before addressed her—'Alice! you have seen less of the world than I. Had you been a better judge of mankind, you would have discovered

that I am not a man to be deceived. Woman's arts are lost on me! You give no sufficient reason for your strange conduct. I can give a reason. If I err, it is your own fault. It is love that prompts you to cling to the trifling gift which I ask. Yes, Alice, it is LOVE! Go, and tell that lover who has given you the purse, that he might have claimed you at my hands long ago, if I had known the deep duplicity of your character. Farewell.'

Alice stood a moment like one bewildered. She heard the hall door close after her lover, and reeled to the floor.

When she came to herself, she was lying on a bed. A doctor was present. 'Where am I?' cried she.

'Keep calm, young woman,' replied the doctor. 'You are in the poor house. You were conveyed here, three days ago, in a high fever. You have been delirious all that time; but now you will soon recover.'

Alice recovered her scattered wits as fast as she could, and then the whole truth burst upon her mind. She covered her face with her hands, and groaned in the agony of her spirit.

In a few days, she was so far recovered as to be able to walk. She took her little bundle in her hand, and set out for Lowell, intending to enter one of the factories, for she had no where else to go. Of course, she could not think of going to Mr. Cotton's, after they had turned her off to the poor house. With a heart sunk in the lowest depths of misery, the poor, forsaken, and most unhappy girl set out on foot for Lowell. She had walked but a few miles, before she felt too faint to proceed, and she sat down by the wayside to rest herself, upon a little green bank. The recollection of her utterly lost condition now obtruded itself upon her with redoubled force. She wrung her hands in agony. She beat her breast with her little fair hand, and wished that she might now breathe her last. She took out her little green purse, and looked at it. 'Thou hast been the cause of all my misery,' said she. 'What profit is there in telling the truth? Had I parted with this purse long ago, I might now be happy!'

A distant rumbling of wheels was heard. The sound grew louder, until a very stylish gentleman dashed along the road in a splendid phaeton, drawn by two large white horses. He perceived Alice at a little distance, and reining in his steeds, as he came abreast of her, said, 'What's the matter, young woman, are you sick?'

'Only a little tired, sir,' replied she.

He was about going on; but, as he was gathering up the reins, he caught sight of the little green purse which lay at Alice's feet. He looked steadily first at the purse, and then at Alice. 'Excuse my curiosity, madam;' said he, 'but do let me examine that purse at your feet. Alice picked it up, and held it near the carriage. The gentleman was visibly agitated. 'Let me take it a moment, if you please.'

'I have promised never to part with it,' answered she, retaining it in her grasp, 'I have sacredly kept it from a child.'

'How!' exclaimed the gentleman, striking his hands forcibly together. 'Had it from a child! Promised never to part with it!' He gazed a moment in Alice's face, and then springing up like one distract-

ed, exclaimed, 'It is! It is! my own—my long lost—my dear, dear child! All that is left to me of her sainted mother. 'T is her mother's own face, eyes, mouth—oh, God! oh! God! give me strength to bear it!' and in endeavoring to reach forward and embrace Alice, he fell, headlong from the phaeton, in a swoon at her feet!

The reader has already perceived that the gentleman was Alice's own father. His name was J—. He was a member of Congress, and a very wealthy man. Goody had stolen Alice from her parents, while she was but two years of age, and taken her to Boston. Mr. J— now resided in Washington city. He had buried his wife, (Alice's mother,) and being thus bereft of his little family, had become melancholy and misanthropic. He declared that if it had not been for the fortunate circumstance of Alice being in possession of the green purse, he should never have been restored to his daughter; for he had not been in New England before, in ten years, and was now paying it his last visit. The little green purse was one which his wife had presented him previous to their union, and he knew it almost at first sight.

To return—Alice was extremely surprised at the conduct of the gentleman, and was alarmed when he fell at her feet; but he very soon recovered, and then, after embracing her and shedding many tears upon her neck, he took her into the carriage, and brought her back to Charlestown. On the road, he told the overjoyed girl the whole history of her birth and abduction. It seemed to her like a dream. He was deeply affected when he learned to what straits she had been reduced since leaving her mother's tender arms. He could not endure to have her out of his sight a moment, for fear he should lose her a second time.

A letter was now brought to Alice, at the hotel where her father put up, by the hands of Mr. Cotton. The latter had heard of her good fortune, and came to her with the most obsequious smiles and cringing bows. Mr. J. did not know him, but told Alice he did not like his looks, and bade her despatch him as soon as possible. Alice broke open the letter. It was from an adjacent town where George had gone. The signature was his! Of course, he knew nothing of her splendid prospects. It contained an apology for his treatment of her, and an assurance of his unalterable affection. He had accidentally fallen in with Mary, (the early friend of Alice,) who was in that place at a boarding school, and happening to mention the name of Alice, Mary had told the story of the green purse which had been refused to her while the two girls were both children. George's jealousy was, of course, overthrown by thus learning that Alice had the purse from a child. George added in his letter that 'a woman who would endure so much pain sooner than to break a promise, must make a faithful and virtuous wife.' Mr. J. wrote to George and requested him to come home immediately. George obeyed, and the two lovers were instantly united in marriage.

'Well, well,' said squire —'s wife, 'it is no wonder that Alice had such high notions, if her father is a member of Congress!'

AUTUMN.

Original.

BEHOLD the leaves—how fast they fall!

'T is autumn bids them yield;

The husbandman now gathers all,
(In readiness for winter's call)

The produce of the field.

While in the growing months of spring,

When all around is green,

The birds their notes of joy do sing,

And make the air with music ring,

As o'er the earth they're seen.

But now the plough is laid aside—

The fields are plain and bare;

The store-house, though is well supplied,

By those who in good faith have tried,

The gifts of Heaven to share.

* * * * *

The scene is changed—winter is nigh;

Spring's brightest days are o'er.

Like leaves of autumn we must die;

Our bodies in the grave must lie

Till time shall be no more. W. L.

THE MORALIST.

Original.

'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.'—

JAMES iii. 5.

A SPARK of fire is of itself a small, unimportant trifle. But if allowed to light upon something combustible in our habitation, a family are suddenly roused from slumber to behold their dwelling wrapped in devouring flames. The destruction may spread, and terror and alarm spread with it, involve thousands in confusion, and in defiance of united exertions, reduce a city to ashes! Many lives may be lost, and thousands of sufferers reduced to penury, want and wretchedness! A spark of fire from a flint is communicated to a magazine, and massy walls and towers, the work of years, in an instant yield to the frightful conflagration, and spread ruin and destruction on every hand. A brand of fire at the city of Moscow produced an ocean of flame, decided the fate of Bonaparte, reduced a powerful army to wretchedness, destruction, and starvation; and overturned the government of France from its deep foundations. 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' An insect may put in motion a concurrence of events that may produce a revolution in a kingdom.

The reader will perceive that there is but one plain idea enforced by the text; viz. That great effects proceed from small causes. Single drops produce springs, springs give rise to streams and majestic rivers, and these continued form the ocean. This ocean is of course composed of single drops, but upon whose capacious bosom floats the commerce of the world. There proud navies ride in warlike pomp, and naval thunders rise! This ponderous globe is composed of single particles of dust, and on which exist

so many myriads of creatures. Calvin and Luther, by dissenting from popery, have produced a revolution in the christian world. Moses, in an ark of bulrushes, exposed to the monsters of the Nile, was taken up by Pharaoh's daughter, and by her adopted for a son. Little did she know what she was doing. Little did she know that she was nourishing and raising an infant who was to be the scourge of her haughty father, the avenger of the wrongs of his nation in bondage, the destroyer of Pharaoh and his host, and the deliverer of his oppressed people. The death of Christ, as an individual, was attended with the most astonishing circumstances. The sun was wrapt three hours in his midnight clouds, the vail of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom, and the globe convulsed by earthquakes. He arose from the dead, and commissioned twelve apostles to promulgate these facts. They withstood the torrent of opposition—they combatted a world, and overturned every system of philosophy, religion, and tradition, with which they came in contact. They braved the rushing storm of persecution, and waded through torrents of blood. They conquered and subdued by the eloquence of truth, where swords and fire-arms would have failed! Millions of hearts have burned with love, and been sustained under the trials of life, and cheered and comforted in the hour of death by the fond and immortal hope of a purified and blissful being in another world—a world of enduring enjoyments, intrinsic delights, and unending felicity. Its raptures we this moment feel as an antepast of its amazing realities. The gospel shall one day renovate the world, exalt the human race to the nature and elevated station of angels, and fire their bosoms with the flame of immortal love. 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.'

One man may inspire millions of hearts with the same patriotism and ardor which glow in his own breast, and infuse all the feelings of his soul into the bosoms of others. What breast, but that swells with emotions of reverential glory in scanning the deeds of our immortal Washington, the unyielding advocate of liberty, and the champion of arms! What a small thing led to the American revolution! A single vote passed in the House of Lords to commence an oppressive system of taxation rolled both continents in blood, suffused the cheeks of thousands with tears, and called into intense action the wisdom and sagacity of the Eastern and Western world. It eventuated in our independence, and led to our present national prosperity, greatness, and glory. The injury of one man has often become the injury of thousands, and wrongs and retaliations have circulated in succession far and wide. A single word has often been dropped, and with no harmful intention, which at first only excited a little jealousy, next coldness, then opposition and hatred; and lastly revenge. Thus what a few words might once have amicably adjusted, at length becomes an incurable distemper.

Let us notice the context. 'Behold we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us, and we turn about their whole bodies. Behold also the ships, which, though they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet they are turned about with a very small helm whithersoever the governor listeth. Even

so the tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set of fire of hell. (Gehenna.) For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly member full of deadly poison.' Not only the text but the whole chapter seems to aim to one single point, viz. that great effects flow from small causes. The apostle James seems principally to direct his arguments against the bad use of the tongue, by which the world is involved in wars and fightings, misery and wretchedness. It is not my intention, however, to confine my remarks to slandering, but in a general sense show that great effects often spring from small causes.

A man influenced by a bad disposition, or by worldly wisdom, is not a Christian in conduct. In conclusion of the chapter James says—But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts glory not and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual and devilish. For where envying and strife are there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that descendeth from above is first pure, then peaceable, &c. The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace. The scriptures declare—'If any man among you seem to be religious and bridled not his tongue, that man's religion is vain.' While on the other hand, 'Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.'

By such language as this the Christian is clearly pointed out and the hypocrite exposed. It is immaterial what a man's professions may be, if he is a backbiter and a disturber of the peace of society, he is in the face of scripture nothing more than an unruly hypocrite and destitute of every virtuous principle in the character of Christ. Whom did he ever traduce or injure in their reputation or standing? His bright example we ought to follow for our own peace and the happiness of the world. The bad example of one man may lead thousands to infamy and ruin! The several stations we fill in life, however obscure, are still highly responsible. A small trifle may produce a tremendous effect. We can scarcely stir without touching some string which may vibrate long after our heads are laid in the dust. We can scarcely speak without producing some impression or emotion on our associates which may burn in their bosoms long after the hand of death has extinguished it in our own. A parent may speak an unguarded word in his family, and before the setting sun forget it; while his child may remember it to his dying day. It may effect his children's children, and form the channel in which their lives are to run, and finally involve an unborn nation in perverseness and ruin. Such instances are on record, and these not a few, and it stands us in hand to beware.

Is the parent a drunkard? If so, what is he doing? Not simply destroying his property, ruining his health, and blighting the hopes and happiness of his family, but what kind of an example is he setting be-

fore his children, before the rising generation, before the world? When he drops in death, what kind of a name will he leave behind? Would he not shudder at the idea of having the word 'Intoxication' chiselled on his tombstone? Yet his relations and all who knew him, as they pass his grave or stop to gaze upon the spires of grass growing over his body, will write with deep regret that word deep in their minds, which memory will repeat whenever they contemplate his tomb, or think upon his life. Would he not shudder at the thought of having the name 'drunkard' engraved upon his coffin? and yet those who will assemble to form the funeral procession will associate that name with his clay cold form, and children and friends will strive in vain to blot it from their recollection.

It is obvious that the example of one may be the example of thousands.

Universalists profess to believe that God is good; and no denomination of Christians on earth have greater inducements to love and reverence his character than Universalists. Why should they trifle with goodness itself? Let them repent, reform their lives, and live agreeably to the gospel of Jesus Christ; leading quiet and peaceable lives in honesty and uprightness in the world. A good example may produce as great an opposite effect as a bad one. The reformation of one man may be the reformation of a neighborhood, on the same principle that the vices of one man pollute as many and involve them in wretchedness. Let us, therefore, awake to righteousness and set an example worthy of imitation. The eyes of the rising generation are upon us, and from us they will receive their mould of character. The habits of our own children, at least, will be formed from our conduct, and in their day and generation will be likely to follow the footsteps of their fathers.

It is not sufficient that we observe the rules of temperance and virtue, but we must bridle our tongues. To this intent our text was written by the apostle, and the whole chapter sets forth the bad effect of an improper use of the tongue. What has not the tongue of man done? By the tongue we communicate the secret workings of our hearts one to another, form combinations of power and carry them into execution. By the use of the tongue stately edifices have been built, towers reared, and walled cities, the great work of ages, have arisen, and by the same unruly member an army has been raised, a plot laid for their destruction, the princely edifices been demolished, cities reduced to ashes and their massy walls laid in ruins. By the use of the tongue nations have been provoked and marched into the thundering field of action and disputed each other's rights at the cannon's mouth with the drawn weapons of death in their hands. The tongue in all ages has lit up the torch of civil war, and been the unruly instrument of oppression and violence. One man may keep a town in commotion, involve a community in a quarrel, and keep the public peace floating on the dark wave of contention. All the misery, opposition, broils and quarrels between man and man originate from that little unruly member. These things ought not so to be. If every man would pluck the beam out of his own eye, before he attempts to pull the mote out of

his brother's eye—if he would look to himself, he would probably discover all in his own heart, which he is so anxious to find and expose in others. If he is so sincerely anxious to amend the lives of others, let him prove his sincerity by setting them an example in first reforming his own. This I presume would afford each one a sufficiency of employment, for all his leisure moments at home, without going abroad to seek a job—without spending his time in running about from house to house to search out the faults of others, and then making a mailstage and newspaper of himself to publish them. The old proverb is a very apt one—'A slanderer is the devil's bellows to blow up contention.'

But we would more particularly come home to our own immediate concerns. We see that a great effect may be produced by a small cause. In a society every thing depends on individual exertion. The indifference of one member may cause indifference in some others. These may communicate it to as many more, and so on till the same coldness becomes general, and the society languishes. These remarks will apply with overwhelming force to attendance on meeting. If we indulge ourselves in suffering every trifling circumstance to detain us at home, we cannot expect to prosper in the cause in which we are engaged. If those who believe in our sentiments, and aid in its support, manifest such indifference as to its prosperity and welfare by negligence in attendance, it cannot be expected that those who are not of our faith will feel any anxiety in even giving us a hearing. Neither can it be expected that those who are of no religious sentiments, who stand as it were neutral, will feel any inducement to visit a house of worship where indifference has sown a scattered audience. Such will seek the multitude regardless of the doctrine that they sit to hear; till at length its sound becomes familiar, and they believe it true. Each individual, by absenting himself from the house of worship for every trifle, does the society a four-fold injury—First, he is setting a bad example before his children, by showing them that he disregards the worship of God who gave them being; and they as they grow up will probably follow his steps. 2d. He is discouraging, by his example, the attendance of other members who will probably do the same, and he is thus doing his part towards bringing indifference on the society. 3d. He is preventing others from giving us a hearing. 4th. He is bringing discouragement upon the speaker, depressing his mind, and destroying his usefulness.

Under such a state of things, what can a preacher do, towards extending the truth to the minds of others, increasing the numbers of believers, or improving the affections and warming the hearts of his people? He can do little or nothing without their joint cooperation and encouragement. The cause requires mutual exertion, and each has his duty to perform. But it may be said that our cause has of late much increased? It is granted; but what is the occasion of it? Answer. There has of late been an excitement in the community, which has caused our people to give more than a usual attendance, and this circumstance has induced others to hear us in our defence. Could such excitement only be continued

one year, every Universalist house would be thronged. But animal passions cannot long be kept on towering wing. They must in the nature of things lower their flight; yes, they must sink below their common level, as much as they were raised above it. They must by reaction light on the earth, and then naturally rise to their proper medium.

Without excitement, we can by a constant and punctual attendance effect the same end. Were every member of a society and their children, to present themselves at the altar on each returning sabbath, there would be a large congregation in every house; and this circumstance would encourage the society, strengthen the hands of the speaker, animate his heart in his studies, and bring many to hear. Not only the young, who frequent the largest congregations, and those who are neutral, but other denominations, and even church members, would then occasionally attend. It is our indifference that keeps the latter away; They will not attend for fear of altering our condition, or of giving encouragement and popularity to our sentiment. But the moment we are true to our own interest, and they are sensible that their occasional attendance cannot alter our condition, they will feel less hesitancy in attending. These facts are self-evident, and cannot but appear consistent and rational to every one who has the least acquaintance with human nature.

A small cause may lead to a great effect. There are, in every church, many whose seats are seldom vacated, and it is the duty of such to take not only a firm stand in the cause which involves their dearest interest, and continue to be punctual, but to use their endeavors and persuasions to induce others to be so. There may a circumstance transpire, such as sickness in our families, to detain us occasionally at home. But nothing which detains us not from our daily avocations, should ever detain us from the sanctuary. We should suffer no apology to satisfy our minds in staying at home to sleep, lounge, or idle away the sabbath, which we could not deem sufficient to keep us from our employments. Occasional bad travelling, a cloudy day, or a trifling storm; or a little fatigue, a slight indisposition, too hot or too cold a day should on no consideration keep us at home, any more than it should keep us from a day's work. None of these things would be considered a sufficient excuse to keep a preacher at home; and what would be considered no reasonable apology for his absence, is not for the absence of any of his congregation. He does not wish to study intensely for the edification of his people during the week, and then preach to bare walls and vacant seats. He does not wish to be employed for such a purpose; and it is equally painful to receive compensation for such painful, discouraging and dragging labor, though he cannot support himself without it.

As such great effects flow from small causes—as one man's indifference may become the indifference of a society, and prevent its increase and prosperity, what a duty devolves on each individual member! Even if they do not wish to hear themselves, yet if they have any regard for the prosperity of our cause, and for the morals, happiness and welfare of their children and fellow creatures, or even if they desire

only to have their minds liberated from blighting hopes and withering and gloomy fears of their future being beyond the shades of death, then let them give their example and encouragement, by an undeviating attendance at meeting. How easy it would be for all to be punctual for one year—and yet from this trifling discharge of duty would result the overwhelming prosperity of our cause. It would surpass all previous labors.

Brethren and sisters, who read this epistle, I wish you to think of these things, and not let them pass thoughtlessly from your minds. I am addressing myself to each separate individual of the Universalist community. I say to all—If you desire the prosperity of our cause fill your seat. If you desire to encourage your preacher, fill your seat. If you desire to set a good example before your children and the world, then say to yourself—my seat shall be vacated no more, nor echo an empty sound to the speaker's voice.

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

Original.

AN impatient and complaining husband—one who was often imagining that his troubles were great, and that he needed the patience of Job to endure them without sinning against God, wrote the following lines, and left them, through mistake, in the room where his family were accustomed to assemble. His better half well understood his nature, and managed the affair with discretion, as the sequel of this account will prove. It seems that the poor unfortunate husband was the author of his own misery. His good wife would counsel him in the spirit of love—but laboring under a confused state of mind, he conceived that her advice was scolding; whereupon he would leave her presence in a rage. At one of these times, when excited to the highest pitch of fury, he seems to have imbibed the spirit of poesy—for he gave utterance to his full heart in the annexed sublime (?) and feeling stanzas. I send them to you, Br. Smith, with the hope that you will give them a place in the 'Ladies' Repository,' in the belief that they will do good to others in like circumstances. They were headed—THE HUSBAND'S LAMENT, and written to the tune, called—'THE WASHING DAY.'

O dear! O dear! what shall I do
To gain the peace I love?
It is enjoyed by very few,
Save those who live above.

* * * *

At morning, noon, and evening, too,
The battle doth begin,
As if old Satan had to do,
With all, to make them sin.

My soul is now with grief cast down;
The world around looks dark;
My enemies do boldly frown;
The war-dogs loudly bark.

I'm sick as death of living here,
My miseries are so great;

My mind is filled with doubt and fear—
My very soul doth quake.

I cannot longer bear these ills—
They daily do grow worse—
I cannot see that virtue fills
My heart, my house, or purse.

And yet I do not wish to break
The cord, which binds my soul
Unto this earth, where good and great
Are aiming for one goal.

To live alone—have nought to do,
With either wife or child,
Would gain me love from very few,
But those whom we've beguiled.

And then to leave the path to fame,
And dig from day to day!
Besides, not have a virtuous name,
When I return to clay!

'T is hard, 't is hard—which way to go
I surely cannot see;
I wish some friend would let me know
How I can now be free.

O dear! O dear! what shall I do,
To gain the peace I love?
It is enjoyed by very few,
Save those who reign above.

PHILEMON.

On seeing these pathetic lines, the good-natured wife sat down, took the pen, and wrote the following answer, and attached it to the foregoing by a wafer.

I'll tell thee what to do, my dear,
If peace of mind you seek;
First—bow your will, in holy fear,
To God, with spirit meek.

Then recollect, thy lonely wife,
Was given thee by Him,
To be thy friend—to guard thy life—
To succour thee from sin.

Though thou art stronger than this friend,
For what was thy strength given?
That you might aid and comfort lend?
And LEAD, not DRIVE to heaven?

Now, let me counsel thee, in love,
To ponder well this way;
To henceforth LEAD thy erring wife,
But, lead her not astray.

And let thy light shine on her path;
Be faithful, kind and true—
And let all sinful angry words,
Be seldom used—and few.

Thus will you find the peace you seek,
And God will send his love;

And if you learn of Christ the meek,
You'll feast on joys above.

Be not offended, dearest one,
That I the truth declare;
But all your bad advisers shun
And with me, friendship share.

Thus shall your path through life be smooth,
Nor thorns infest the way;
But friendship shall your anguish soothe,
And warn you when you stray.

Then ask no more—'what shall I do'—
The course is fair and plain;
Thy wife, thy consort, lives for you—
Do n't let her live in vain.

This you must do, in truth, my dear,
If peace of mind you seek;
Come, bow to God, in holy fear,
And find his service sweet.

LUCY.

When the husband came home, and saw the answer, it excited his risibility to that degree, that he burst into a fit of laughter. It had the desired effect on him. It opened his eyes, and he resolved on enjoying all his privileges—to pass over trivial circumstances without attaching to them the importance which belongs to weightier matters. And it is by his permission, and the conjoint request of his wife, that the whole is submitted to the readers of the Repository, with the suppression of the names of the parties, they being withheld through motives of delicacy.

O. P. Q.

MOUNTAINS.

Original.

MOUNTAINS are the most grand and most noble parts of the creation, and the most magnificent portions of the earth. And the interesting scenes which have thereon transpired, add to their grandeur, increase their beauty, and give them a solemn interest. They have afforded matter for the pen of the poet, scenes for the artist, and illustrations for the messengers of truth, and the beacon for the hopeless mariner.

How cheering to the poor son of Zebulon, is the prospect of the hills which surround his native home! Having been coursing the pathless deep for days, months and years, joyful beyond description to him, is the sight of the tops of the mountains which encircle the cottage where rests in hope, all that is dear to him.

Some of the most important and thrilling incidents recorded in history, either sacred or profane, have transpired upon mountains. When the waters which swept from the face of the earth a race of ungodly men, had abated, the ark containing faithful Noah and his family, rested upon mount Ararat. From this immense summit, the inmates of the ark descended to the plains below, as the waters receded from the earth. Some who reside in the immediate

neighborhood, pretend that pieces of that immense vessel are now in choice keeping by some of the inhabitants of that country.

On mount Moriah, Abraham, the friend of God, the faithful servant of the most High, offered up his son Isaac, supported by a firm faith in the changeless veracity of Jehovah.

On mount Horeb, God appeared to Moses in the midst of a burning bush, and spake of the afflictions of the children of Israel, and instructed Moses how to effect their deliverance. That is called the mount of God. And tradition says even before the days of Moses, Horeb was considered sacred. It was believed that God inhabited its summit, and none of the shepherds dared to venture near its top.

On mount Sinai, God delivered to Moses the law which distinguished the Jewish nation from all other people on the face of the globe. The circumstances and terror with which the law was here communicated, were such as to engender fear in all the Israelites, and to shake the very soul of Moses, and inspire the descendants of Jacob with feelings of the most profound awe whenever they came in sight of this mountain.

On mount Pisgah, Moses descried the land of promise, of which he had spoken to the people of Israel, as being a land flowing with milk and honey. There, he gave up the ghost—there, was buried, though no man knows of his grave to this day.

On a mountain, our blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, delivered that inimitable sermon, recorded in Mathew v. vi. vii. A more masterly production never attracted the attention of mortals, it being suited to the condition of all grades in society, and evincing, on the part of the author, a thorough acquaintance with human nature, and the various avenues to the human intellect and affections.

And on a mountain Jesus was transfigured. And at the time of his transfiguration upon the mountain, Moses, the man of God, accompanied by Elijah the prophet, appeared to the Savior and conversed upon the theme of his death and resurrection. Peter, James and John, were the witnesses of what there transpired. And on mount Calvary, 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,' poured out his precious blood—there he offered himself a sacrifice for the sins of the world and poured out his soul in a prayer of mercy for his enemies—'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

I could extend this notice of mountains to an exceedingly great length, but I am admonished by prudence, that short stories, short sermons, short prayers, and short essays, are always more acceptable than long ones.

Yes, I might go to history and find matter for a volume, selected from the mass which the record furnishes, of what has taken place upon mountains. While I sit at my window, and to ease the hand which has become fatigued with moving the pen, I cast my eyes toward the goodly city of Boston, and see its hills; and as their tops mingle with the clouds of heaven, memory, assisted by the annals of America, carries me back to the scenes of the revolution, when Boston was called tri-mountain; and in imagination I hear the roar of the cannon, and see garments rolled

in blood. I witness the contention on Bunker's hill, and the defence on Copp's hill, and mount Washington, and from these scenes of blood and carnage, the mind goes onward, and forward, and upward, borne on the wings of inspiration, to the glorious era of time, when the mountain of the Lord shall be established above the hills—when all nations shall flock unto it with songs of joy and rejoicing. With the eye of faith, I see the swords beat into plough-shares, the spears into pruning hooks—nations no longer cultivating the spirit of war, but dwelling in peace and safety.

'How long, dear Savior, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day,' D. D. S.

Quincy, Mass.

TO THE COMET.

Original.

WHENCE art thou! stranger of the radiant face?
Treading the starry skies with rapid pace!
Passing the planets in their track so bright,
Sweeping their azure plain with train of light.
Bright and mysterious orb! to thee 'tis given
To be observed of all among the hosts of heaven!

Say, are there beings in thy curious sphere,
Made up of smiles and tears, as we are here?
Have they gay birds and trees and countless flowers,
Such as you see upon this world of ours?
And where, thou wandering one! hast thou been driven
Through the long years since here thy light was given?

'Tis silence all! there is no voice nor sound,
To tell the object of thy mazy round;
But he who hung the skies points out thy way,
Thou dost his mandate and his laws obey;
Speeding thy ceaseless course—upon some errand bent
To distant worlds unknown—in yon blue firmament.

M. D.

THE UNHAPPY CHOICE.

Original.

'FOR I can bear myself so well
In manhood's sterner part,
That neither brow nor lip shall tell
The ruin of my heart.'—WHITTIER.

THERE were many smiles and knowing winks passed in our village, when a tall, elegant young man drove up to the door of Mr. Goodby's house, on a fine afternoon in August. Mr. Goodby was the owner of a factory, and, of course, every thing that passed in his family, was matter of note to the humbler inhabitants of the village. His large white mansion stood nearly opposite to the hotel, and as there was always a crowd of persons at that place of general resort, the arrival of a visitor at the large house was not likely to remain a secret. But this visitor had been seen before, and it was currently reported that he was about being married to the owner's youngest daughter, who still lived at home with her parents. Her

name was Louisa. She had been educated at a common boarding school; and, although she possessed but few fashionable accomplishments, she was nevertheless a girl of some reading, and was well acquainted with the management of domestic concerns. Her form was good, and, although not beautiful, her countenance was pleasing. She was regarded as a good match, because her father was rich, and the young country swains did not presume to speak to her. A young doctor, in the neighborhood, had visited the house several times, but he was rather bashful and could not muster sufficient courage to look the damsel in the face, and she was not partial to bashful men. He soon fell off, and married a young widow, who kindly took his infirmity into consideration, and made up in condescension, what he lacked in courage. It was, at length, decided by the wiseacres of the village that if ever Louisa married, it would be to a gentleman from the city—to some one who was accustomed to female society, and could deliver compliments with the volubility of an auctioneer, or a crier of clams. An event, thereupon, occurred, highly flattering to their skill in divination. Louisa had been to town with her father, and returned with a beau dangling at her heels. Of course, the trio rode 'not unseen' through the village. The ploughman paused in the middle of his furrow to gaze upon the third person in the company; the shopkeeper glared through his bow-window, the women and girls felt privileged, on this extraordinary occasion, to run out of their houses and drop a courtesy to the travellers; the dogs barked, the children scampered,

'Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out "well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.'

Remarks followed in due course. Some said the stranger was very handsome, but that he looked too sober for a gallant. Many of the girls thought he was too modest. The old farmers complained that he did not nod to them as he passed; but all concurred in the opinion that he was a city gentleman, and well dressed. This was his first appearance in the village. Subsequently he was often seen to visit the white house, and as a lamp was seen burning late in the little parlor, on these occasions, it was but reasonable to suppose that the young couple were courting with all their might and main. But they were also frequently observed walking together in the grove behind the house; and it was evident that their conversation was of a very interesting character. The youth, however, seemed to do the principal part of the talking, and his gestures were animated in the extreme. Sometimes he would stop short, and looking Louisa in the face, appear to be in the act of supplication, but no change was observable in her. She seemed to listen to him with calm, collected, self-possession. The village gossips would have given worlds to know what they said, but a high fence intervened, else they would have been disposed to run down and listen. As Louisa associated very little with the villagers, they had no means of knowing the progress of the courtship, which was certainly very aggravating. But Louisa had some female acquaintances in the adjoining town, and through them something leaked out at a moment when several

maiden ladies of the village were on the point of going mad with vexation. Sukey Johnson ran over to Mrs. Barbary's house—the latter lady boarded about a dozen girls—and as soon as she could recover her breath, said 'What do you think, Mrs. Barbary—I have just seen Mary Flanders who lives with Mr. Bloise in M——.'

'That is where Louisa Goodby visits,' cried Mrs. Barbary, 'now you've heard the news about the courtship, I'll warrant. Sit down Miss Johnson—here, try some of this currant wine. Get out of the rocking chair, you lout! Here, my dear Miss Johnson, take the rocking chair.'

'Let me have your hat and shawl,' said a demure spinster of thirty-three, 'you are not going soon.'

'Oh! la, yes, I'm in such a hurry, I only come to stay a minute. I thought you would like to hear—'

'Why yes, Miss Johnson,' said Mrs. Barbary, looking gravely through her spectacles, placing her elbow on her knee, and her long skin-dried finger on one side of her face, in the attitude of attention—'I should certainly like to hear. We ought to know what's going on here, I should think. I's high time somebody knew. I do 'nt know who the young man is. I've never heard his name, even.'

'Oh! it's ridiculous,' said Miss Johnson—'so long as we have lived in the village, and to hear nothing about it before. La! Miss Robinson, I have never seen your black silk yet. Where is it? Come bring it out while I'm telling the story.'

But Miss Robinson begged to be excused from going after her black silk while the story was telling.

'Well, then,' said Miss Johnson, looking as wise as an oracle, 'you've all seen Mr. Stuyvesant?'

'Now! is that his name? well, what a name. It's a pretty name too—but do go on.'

'Well, his name is Mr. Stuyvesant. He is a young merchant belonging to the city.'

'Now! who ever thought Louisa Goodby would get married to a merchant, and he such a big gentleman too! She'll be so proud she won't speak to any of us.'

'I wonder if he is acquainted with my brother who is a candle merchant in the city,' drawled out Miss Hatting, the aged spinster—'you know my brother Peter keeps a store there, and trades in candles and lamp wicks.'

'Oh! yes,' said Miss Johnson respectfully, 'I forgot that your brother was a merchant. No doubt he and Stuyvesant are very intimate. Now, if you could see your brother, you might get the whole story out of him.'

'Do you think so?' inquired a little black-eyed girl of sixteen.

'To be sure—don't you suppose the men talk of us behind our backs, and say all sorts of things about us? But let me catch my beau tattling on me and see what I'll do.'

'What would you do, Miss Johnson?'

'What would I do—why, I'd just show him the door and—'

'Poh! poh! you would n't do no such thing,' said Miss Sally Loines as she dropped a roasted apple

which was too hot for her fingers. 'I've seen you and Jim have love spats before now.'

'Oh, you mean the time he threatened to lick me!' said Miss Johnson, 'when I hit him with the belluses. There was a little disturbance about that, I know; but mother made it all up between us, and Jim has been as good as Cuffee ever since.'

'I'm glad to hear,' said Mrs. Barbary, 'but let us know what fell out between Louisa and this Mr. Sturdyvant.'

'You've all seen him, you say?' reiterated Miss Johnson.

'La, yes, I peeped through a knot-hole half an hour, and saw him and Louisa together in the garden,' replied Sally Loines.

'Well,' rejoined Miss Johnson—'it's come out that Louisa don't like him.'

'Don't like him, and he so rich and so pretty too!'

'No, she don't like him. She told Miss Bloise that he wa' n't half lively enough. He is too much like a minister. He talks all about virtue and going to meeting, and natur, and the beautiful trees, and flowers, and such things. Well you know Louisa has n't lived in the country so long, to know nothing about all them things. She has seen trees enough, and flowers enough, and you know her father raised a whole acre of cabbages last year; and she got so tired of husking corn too that she can't bear to hear any thing about all these vegetables. She likes them bset when they are cooked.'

'Well, well, if that's all he can talk about,' said Mrs. Barbary, 'I think he had better have staid at home. I do'nt suppose he can tell her anything new about farming. Does he learn her how to make cheese too?'

'Nor that aint all,' continued Miss Johnson, 'they say he has never kissed her once since he has been courting her.'

'Now, come to think on it,' said Mrs. Barbary, 'I don't think he is so very handsome.'

'I never thought he was handsome,' said Sally Loines.

'His nose is a kinder large,' said Patty Sweetbriar.

'His shoulders are not round enough,' squealed Almira Pinkham.

'His teeth are a sort of uneven,' said Joanna Thayer.

'He wears a strange coat,' said Sally Loines.

'And has an odd way of walking,' said Ellen Watkins.

'Come, come, you are too hard upon him,' said the experienced maiden, 'I suppose he dresses as they do in town.'

'Oh, yes! I'll warrant you would be glad enough to snap him up!' said Miss Johnson scornfully.

'Not unless he has a proper respect for the fair sect,' replied the old maid. 'I do not care anything about changing my condition. Although could I find a man without one single fault, and one who was anxious to have me, and who suited in every respect, I might be persuaded to change my condition.'

This little item of news that had been gleaned by the industry of Miss Johnson, circulated rapidly

through the village—it was now doubted whether Louisa would or would not marry the gentleman. He came to the village oftener than he had been wont to do, and as he was often seen in conversation with Louisa's father, the belief gradually became strengthened that Louisa had relented, and was about taking him for 'better, for worse,' in spite of his admiration of country scenery. Extremely anxious was every one to know when the marriage would take place. Many a one who seldom went to meeting, now attended punctually every Sunday, and watched the clerk during service, as steadily as a rattle-snake charming a bird, in expectation of his rising to publish the bans. Things were in this condition at the time when our scene opens. The young man had just arrived in the village, and had driven his chaise up to the door. Every eye was upon him, and every female heart was quivering with anxiety.

But after he had entered the house, no more was to be seen, and every one turned away to go about their proper business, supposing that he would, as usual, spend the evening with Louisa. Great was, therefore, their astonishment when he returned in a few minutes with a brow violently flushed, eyes gleaming like meteors, and trembling with agitation. But much time was not given them for observation. He sprang down the steps, leaped into his chaise, and grasping the reins with convulsive energy, lashed his horse into a gallop, and drove directly off in the direction of the city. The wheels went madly round; a cloud of dust arose in his rear, and the inhabitants along the road beheld him urging forward his foaming steed for several miles with as much rapidity as if he was flying from a mortal foe! This was easily understood by the spectators, although the violence of his manner for a moment held them in awe. There is something in the intensity of human suffering which checks the most licentious tongues, and even the gossips of our village were not altogether unmoved by the evident wretchedness of the young merchant. When he was fairly out of sight, however, whispers and murmurs began to arise. He had been rejected! Louisa would not marry him! What a pity! There would be no wedding! But the whispers and murmurs grew louder and louder, until the whole village was one scene of clamour and openly expressed amazement. 'Well, she had served him right,' said one, 'but he looked so pitiful!'

'No, he looked as mad as fire,' said another. 'I would n't have been his horse for no money.'

'To think so much of a woman!' said some crusty old bachelor.

'It was not her, but think of the money he would have got with her,' replied another.

'And he has lost it all!' sympathized an old pedler, 'poor fellow!'

But it is high time the reader was better acquainted with the state of the case, than he is likely to be by listening to the conversation of the town's people.

Louisa Goodby had been to the city, in the spring, with her father. He had not many acquaintances in the metropolis, but he put up at the house of a distant relation; and here his daughter accidentally encountered Stuyvesant. He was a young man of excellent promise. United to a good education, he pos-

sessed talents of no common order. He had an original and independent mind, and, therefore, the plain country breeding of Louisa did not render her, in his eyes, a whit inferior to the more sophisticated young ladies of the city. He set a very light value upon the boasted accomplishments of city damsels, and thought he saw in Louisa something of more sterling worth than they could boast. He, therefore, cultivated an acquaintance with her, and was assiduous in his attentions while she remained in town. She, on the other hand, had no opportunity to become acquainted with any other young gentleman excepting Stuyvesant. His graceful person and mental refinement were certainly calculated to please the fair, and she felt too proud of the attentions of such a man to throw any impediment in the way of his visits. She really felt no common triumph when she returned to the village with the young merchant chained to her chariot wheels. She knew she should be the envy of all the neighborhood, and the eclat attendant upon her courtship justified her in believing so. But she did not possess a mind that was capable of appreciating the worth of such a man as Stuyvesant. Having been accustomed to men of a different stamp, his respectful manner, and the purity of his conversation were not calculated to please her. The truth is, that he valued her much more highly than she deserved. She was so little acquainted with the world that she thought his well-bred demeanor was peculiar to himself; and when she contrasted it with the manner of the rustic swains around her, she thought he was deficient in warmth, and in liveliness. It is true that he had none of the coarse vivacity to which she had been accustomed; but he possessed wit, and could be merry—but he never forgot decency in his merriment or good nature in his wit. She, therefore, thought he was too modest for a man, and could not love him. She did not possess one spark of originality herself, and therefore whenever his ideas differed from those in which she had been educated, she attributed it to ignorance of the world, instead of a knowledge superior to the common mass of mankind. He was blinded by love, and, like many others, could not perceive the gross defects of the woman whom he adored. This was the greater misfortune, because she was totally unworthy of him. Notwithstanding her want of regard for his character and his virtues, she did not mean to cast him off, until she was called upon for her consent to the marriage. Her vanity was too much flattered by his attentions to allow her to dismiss him until she was obliged to do so. But she little thought that he was the only well-informed gentleman in town who would have fallen in love with her. She had seen none but Stuyvesant, and because he was attracted by her, she vainly imagined that any other city gentleman would be equally smitten by her charms. So far from that, she had opportunely met with the only citizen who would have possessed sufficient independence to take the least notice of her. She frequently heard of the high estimation in which Stuyvesant was held by his acquaintances in the city, and decided that if she could conquer his heart, there was not a young man in the metropolis who could resist her. She, therefore, thought she had

nothing to do but to choose amongst them, and pick out one who should suit her in every respect. She also possessed more art than Stuyvesant would permit himself to suppose, and she led him on, step by step, into a belief that she was not indifferent to him. It is a very easy thing for the most ordinary female who is beloved to deceive the wisest man when blinded by passion. Louisa did not know that. She supposed that her own attractions and not the misguided fancy of Stuyvesant, were the lever with which she moved him.

At length Stuyvesant ventured to hint that he should like to be more nearly related to her. She hung down her head, and looked very modest on the occasion, but if his reason had not been completely deluded by the warmth of his attachment, he would have perceived the coldness, the indifference, and the heartlessness with which she listened to his honorable proposals. Her parents certainly felt flattered by the partiality which he showed for their daughter. In point of property, he was more than her equal, and in mind he was infinitely her superior. He visited her week after week, but always delayed bringing the affair to an issue. He could not believe that she had encouraged him so long for the purpose of dashing his hopes by a refusal; but he, nevertheless, felt some agitation when he attempted to ask her to seal his happiness. That critical moment was, therefore, long delayed. But, on the day in which our scene opened, he had been pondering on the subject, and had, at last, made up his mind that the time had come for him to act more decisively. He sprang into his chaise and drove to the village. He presented himself before Louisa, and in the most impassioned manner laid claim to her hand. She refused; bluntly refused—without a sigh, without a tear, or even a blush, she told him that she was willing to regard him as a friend, but that she could not become his wife. Stung to the quick by her coldness, astonished beyond measure at her duplicity, he hastily left the house, and, as the reader has seen, departed in a state of mind bordering on desperation. The unhappy Stuyvesant returned to his counting-house overwhelmed by the suddenness of his disappointment. He repaired to his mother's house. She inquired for the bride, and his answer was full of such inexpressible woe as filled his mother with horror. But he locked his sufferings within his own bosom. He wore his usual pensive smile on his countenance. He made no complaint; but the sunken eye and pallid cheek soon began to show what inroads his unrequited love was making upon his health. Time passed on, and his frame became attenuated and grief-worn. The worm was gnawing at his heart unseen. Louisa soon heard that he was sinking into premature decay, and she gloried in her power. She dressed more gaily than ever, and proudly believed that since she had triumphed over, and broken one faithful heart, she was now wholly irresistible. The news, at length, came that young Stuyvesant had passed away to 'another and a better world.' His widowed and disconsolate mother had closed the eyes of her only son. She had seen him borne away on the slow hearse to the grassy enclosure of the dead, and laid beside her husband.

Now to return to the village, where we left the triumphant Louisa, whom the polite attentions of the unfortunate Stuyvesant had impressed with a much higher opinion of herself than she deserved. At the time that the discarded lover came out of the house, and drove off so swiftly, there were standing in the door of the hotel two men, whose dress and general demeanor sufficiently denoted that they were not inhabitants of the village. One of them was a short stout person, apparently about forty years of age. His countenance denoted shrewdness and low cunning—his complexion was somewhat embrowned and his whole appearance was that of a person who had seen the world, and was not unacquainted with the various intrigues and stratagems by which power and money are obtained. His companion was a youth, apparently ten years younger than he. His form was genteel, and his features might have been considered handsome, but for a certain reckless and libertine expression which denoted the absence of all true principle. Their dress was more dashy than elegant, and arranged with a due regard to the latest fashion. There was too much needless display about it, to indicate the thorough bred gentleman. In short, it was calculated to attract more attention than the wearers themselves would be likely to command. If their appearance was not that of decided fops, it was, at least, not that of sensible and rational creatures.

When the baffled Stuyvesant took his departure, these two men were suddenly and intensely attracted to the scene. They listened attentively to the remarks which were made by the villagers, and even ventured to ask a few questions.

'How is this?' said the elder stranger to an old farmer who had just dismounted from his wagon to talk over the affair with his neighbors. 'What is the matter with that fellow that he drives at such a Jehu rate?'

'Why, I suppose he's got the bag from Miss Goodby'—answered the old man.

'And who is this Miss Goodby?' inquired the younger stranger.

'Oh, she's a rare girl,' said the farmer. 'She has the best larning of any girl in these parts—she has spent most all her life in going to school, and—'

'Is she handsome?' interrupted the elder stranger.

'You might well say it,' returned the farmer, 'but my darters thinks she is rather proud; but what of that? She has a right to be proud, when her father is the richest man in the village.'

'Is she an only child?' asked the other, winking to his companion.

'No, sir—but her sisters are all married and settled up country. She is the pet of the family.'

'What objection had she to the gentleman that has just gone?' asked the younger man.

'Well, now you ask me something that I really can't tell,' said the farmer. 'It's no business of mine, and I never inquired.'

'Think again,' said the elder man—'You have heard your daughters say something about it—have you not?'

'Well, it seems to me that I did hear Roxanna

say that he was not quite lively enough for her,' returned the farmer. 'He is no dancer, and I think they say that he can't sing.'

'Quite unfortunate,' said the young man, 'He is probably some unprincipled fortune-hunter, who has come into these parts to speculate on the young ladies of your village. I would have given him the bag if I had been in her place. There is no knowing who to trust in this world, old man. It is difficult to place confidence in any one without being deceived. I see you have a small church here. Of what denomination is it?'

'Methodist, sir.'

'Well,' returned the other. 'That is a good society. I have many relations amongst the Methodists. I am an Episcopalian, myself; but I experienced religion in a Methodist chapel. The people of God I do admire.'

'So do I,' said the farmer, 'of whatever denomination, so that they aint downright infidels. You seem to be two thoughtful and considerate young gentlemen; may I make so bold as to ask which way you have been travelling?'

'We have been up to look out for a farm in the other county,' replied the elder man—'We have some thoughts of giving up business in the city, and retiring, and settling down where we can enjoy a quiet life, and attend to our religious duties without interruption.'

'Ah! then you are men of property,' said the farmer with an air of great deference—'You will find a good farm for sale in this town, not three miles from this spot. I can introduce you to the owner of it, if you please, gentlemen; he lives in the next house.'

'No matter,' answered they, 'we have spent a longer time in the country than we intended, and must return to the city now, before purchasing—as we expect one of our ships in from Canton in a few days, and must attend to the unlading of her.'

This answer very much astonished the farmer, who now perceived he had been talking with a couple of very wealthy men, who owned ships and bought farms. He soon spread the news that the two strangers were men of great consequence; and the keeper of the hotel became mighty polite and attentive to them.

'I say, Jack, we must carry this out,' said the elder man, as soon as the farmer's back was turned, 'and we'll make something out of it yet. There is nothing like putting a good face upon a thing you know.'

'Let me alone for that,' replied Jack, 'if I can't quiz the natives, it's no matter. We'll be in no haste to quit the place. I have fallen violently in love with this Miss Goodby. Do you understand? She is certainly an angel. She likes lively men, and you know that I can be lively, and I know how to dance and sing. Ha! ha! ha!'

'In the mean time,' said the other, 'we had better put up our card here, against the wall. It will give an air of consequence to us mercantile gentlemen.' So saying, he drew out a handsome engraved card on which was printed, 'Boune and Gray, Merchants, —' and tacked it against the wall. A dozen tavern loungers flew to read the little mis-

sile, and 'Mr. Boune and Mr. Gray' was whispered with an air of vast veneration from one to another of the wondering group. It was soon known throughout the village that two young merchants, 'very rich, very handsome, and very well dressed,' had put up at the hotel. Many reports were at once circulated concerning them; and it was considered but reasonable to suppose that one or both of them had come to court Miss Louisa Goodby. It was reported of them that they were very liberal, that they threw away money by handfuls, and that the younger one (Mr. Gray) was an excellent player on the flute, and a most accomplished gentleman. All these things came to the ears of Louisa, and she certainly began to be very desirous of attracting Mr. Gray's attention. As she had had the good fortune to triumph over Stuyvesant, she did not doubt that the two strangers would fight a duel for her, if they chanced to get but one glimpse of her beautiful countenance. She decked herself in all her country finery and strutted off to church regularly every Sunday in order to get an opportunity to see the strangers, and be seen by them. She did not take all this pains for nothing. One fine Sunday morning, just as the minister had risen to give out the hymn, the two illustrious strangers made their appearance. They made a slight halt at the door, in order to rivet the attention of all the congregation, and then taking off their hats with what the villagers considered incomparable grace, they walked daintily up the aisle, and seated themselves very near the spot occupied by Louisa. A thrill of joy ran through all her veins, but she elevated her head with becoming pride, and put on the stately air of a victorious general surrounded by the trophies of a late conquest. The keen eyes of Gray and Boune at once saw through her whole art, and they felt sure of their prey. Although they could have roared with laughter at her inexperienced and shallow coquetry, they pretended to regard her with a sentiment of the deepest respect. Louisa once caught the eyes of Gray fixed upon her in the most languishing manner; and she at once made up her mind that he was very handsome. His was a cast of countenance calculated to please a girl of her temperament. She whom the lofty brow, the intellectual countenance, and air of scrupulous integrity, which distinguished Stuyvesant from the common herd, could make no impression upon, was highly pleased with the dissolute and lawless expression that gleamed from the eyes of Gray.

When service was over, the two merchants took pains to overtake Louisa on her way home, and walking very near, they carried on such a conversation as they thought calculated to captivate one of her class. They were not mistaken. She overheard every word that they uttered, while pretending that their discourse was very confidential.—They talked of balls, of fortepianos, theatres, and all those enticing pleasures with which thoughtless country girls are captivated, like moths by the glare of a candle. By the time she reached home, she had decided in her own mind, that the two gentlemen were 'a touch above the vulgar,' and she earnestly desired to become acquainted with them. Gray was, however, her favorite, because he was

younger and handsomer than his friend, and she also believed that he was already in love with her. Indeed, how could he help being so? Had she not broken the heart of Stuyvesant? Surely then, no other man could resist her! She was in a great flutter all the evening, expecting that the two friends would call at the house. She was determined to be as distant and reserved as possible, if they did call, in order to impress them with a suitable idea of her dignity and consequence.

A rap was, at length, heard at the door, and Messrs. Gray and Boune stalked into the room. They introduced themselves with many apologies; but as Mr. Goodby had contracted a slight acquaintance with them, previously, he saw nothing improper in their visit. In short, he was rather pleased than otherwise, at their honoring his house with their presence.

Gray immediately commenced a brisk conversation with the old gentleman, while Boune (the elder) gradually pressed upon the notice of Louisa. He took occasion to say many fine things to her about Gray, and told many anecdotes which redounded greatly to his honor. Amongst the rest, he told her, that Gray was a great favorite amongst the girls in the city, that one poor young lady had died with love for him, but that he could never find it in his heart to marry her, although he pitied her sincerely, and would have given the world to save her life. 'But,' said he, 'Gray has never yet seen the woman whom he could love. She must be something very extraordinary that can captivate his heart. He is very particular, and his importance and usefulness in society is too great to permit him to unite himself to a woman who does not know how to conduct his affairs. I have heard him say that he should prefer a young lady from the country; but I do not know what he will do. It would break the hearts of a dozen girls of my acquaintance, if he were to marry—girls of high standing in society, who are sincerely attached to him. I think he would be cruel, if he were to get married. You know he cannot have them all. He sometimes says to me, "Now when the next ship comes in, and we get through with unloading her, I shall have some spare time, and I will get married"—but I fear he never will find the woman that he can love. I wish he would marry; for a lively young buck like him is very likely to get into unsteady habits while he is single. He can't govern his inclinations you know; and we are all partial to your sex; but Gray is a wild blade—he's a roguish fellow, I assure you.'

Louisa began to fear that she should not be able to catch Gray in her toils so easily as she had, at first, expected. And with this fear came a greater anxiety to entrap him. Could she melt the cold heart of Gray—could she captivate one for whom so many city dames were pining, and for whom one had already died, how glorious would be conquest? How proudly would she look upon every other girl in the world! 'At least,' thought she, 'the attempt is worth making, and I will put all my bravery on, for the approaching conquest!' At length Gray advanced towards the vain girl. He looked rather coldly upon her, but endeavored to give his eyes a

very rakish expression, and to put on his most alluring manner. Her heart fluttered more than ever, and for once a flush of real modesty passed over her face. He shortly afterwards took his leave with Boune, and left Louisa in a most unsatisfied condition. She felt that she had not conquered; she saw that she had no cause of triumph on the present occasion, and yet her admiration of Gray increased the longer she thought of him. But she was not long left to brood over her solitary thoughts. The two strangers came again and again, and a rumor spread that the charming Mr. Gray was courting Louisa Goodby. There was more foundation for this report than there generally is for village gossip. Gray had already wrung from her a confession that she loved him; and he became an attentive wooer. The lovers were now always together. Gray sung to her and played on his flute, he told her amusing anecdotes, and she was delighted with him. Yes, Louisa's heart was, at length, taught to love, and she loved fervently and devotedly. She hung upon her lover's lips, she trembled when he approached her, and she was miserable when he was not at her side. He was all the world to her. She felt that she could not live without him. Her depraved taste was gratified by his reckless and unprincipled demeanor.

It was about this time that the following conversation took place between Gray and Boune.

'Well, Jack,' said the latter, 'when are you going to bring affairs to a close. You know we cannot stay here much longer. Our money is almost gone; and we must have a fresh supply, by hook or by crook.'

'I know it—I know it,' replied Jack, 'but every thing is working well. I mean to propose to-morrow. Then, you know, we will get the dowry into our hands, and after that —'

'Yes, after that! what will you do with the girl?'

'Why, I will marry her, and leave her in the city. Let her find her way home again, the best way she can. It seems that she has killed one fine fellow named Stuyvesant, and I can't feel any pity for her. She is the least thing in my thoughts; but I hope the old Hunks won't smell a rat. We should be finely blowed, if he should make a few inquiries.'

'He is not deep enough for that,' returned the other. 'I can quiet any suspicion that he may have, with a word—but he won't suspect. He will pay over the money, and then we can take our course, you know, as best suits us. I am for South America. What say you?'

'I like New Orleans best,' returned Jack. 'I am for speculating a little amongst the pigeons. Gambling is the only business that is worth following now.'

The conversation was here interrupted by loud talking in the bar-room.

'I tell you,' exclaimed a strange voice, 'that I am the true Mr. Gray, of the firm of Gray and Boune. My partner is now in the city, and I am travelling to S— on business. This card is ours; and if there are other men in the house who pass for the firm, they are impostors, and endeavoring to do some mischief. I tell you that I am the true Mr. Gray!'

'Here is a blow up!' cried Gray, who was in the next room with Boune—'what shall we do about it? That is the merchant whom I am personating. That cursed card has undone us! I wish we had not nailed it up.'

'Do n't be alarmed,' answered the other—'We can go out and face the fellow down! We will swear him out of his name, and make him believe that he is not Mr. Gray, but one Jonathan Stykes that goes a wool-gathering!'

'Agreed!' cried Jack, always ready for sport, 'lead the way!'

Accordingly the two pretended merchants went out into the bar-room.

'There come the two gentlemen!' said the bar-keeper—'they can answer for themselves.'

The real Mr. Gray stared with astonishment at the two impostors.

'What's the matter here?' said the false Boune, 'do you want anything of me, sir?'

'I—I—I—is this your card, sir?' said Mr. Gray.

'Yes, sir, it is our card,' said Jack, stepping forward—'Do you know whether the Ajax has arrived yet?'

'The Ajax!' cried Mr. Gray—'that is my ship, sir—she sailed for Calcutta yesterday. She has not been to sea these six months before.'

'Let me tell you, sir'—said the pretended Boune, advancing, 'that you are a—a—an impostor, sir. My name is Boune, sir, at your service. Landlord, turn this vagrant out of doors!'

The landlord was bewildered and so was Mr. Gray himself—when a store-keeper entered with a handful of half dollars, and said to the former—'Did you not pay me these, sir?'

'I did,' answered the landlord—'I received them from Mr. Boune.'

'Well sir, they are all counterfeit,' said the other.

The landlord's eyes hereupon began to be opened. The spectators were not slow in taking the hint, and in spite of the assumed astonishment of the culprits, the illustrious couple were pinioned and led off to the county house.

The astonishment of Mr. Goodby and his family may be conceived, but cannot be described. As regards Louisa, the news of Jack's perfidy (or Mr. Gray as he called himself,) fell upon her heart like a clap of thunder. She raved—she tore her hair—and showed such desperate agony that her mother suspected all was not as it should be. The dreadful truth came to light in due time. After a few months of deep and fearful suffering, she died distracted. She and her babe were laid in one coffin, and the earth closed forever over the remains of the misguided Louisa Goodby. No village girl passes the spot where she reposes without a chill of horror; and her name is never mentioned without blanching the cheek of the maiden who hears it. The melancholy event is a warning to all, not to be guided altogether by appearances, nor to forsake a tried friend for one of whose real character they are totally ignorant.

WHILE many fathers are initiating their own sons into the elements of irreligion and debauchery they shudder at the thought of their wives and daughters not being under the influence of religion and morality.

TO MY BROTHER.

Original.

It is your birth-day brother, this calm, still
 And holy sabbath. Oh! may thy life be
 Ever sunny and serene,—without a
 Cloud to dim the light of virtue which around
 Thee shines—as is this blessed day. You have
 Now entered the lists of manhood; then
 Hasten on to gain the victory o'er
 All evil thoughts and passions, which so oft disturb
 The soul of man, and may the prize of peace
 And happiness be yours. It is not now
 As once it was, when I could list thy step
 At morn, at noon, at eve, and hear thy ringing
 Voice through the long day. Ah! how I fondly
 Thought it would be ever thus, but now the
 Sad realities of life come o'er me,
 And fancy turns and folds her jewelled pinions
 Where so oft she soared aloft. We may not
 Hope to be together always as we
 Have been, or live our childhood's happy
 Morning o'er again; yet still my warmest,
 Fondest prayer, is breathed for you my
 Own, my only one; and may our sainted
 Mother from her heavenly home,
 Look down and watch us on our pilgrimage;
 Farewell!

M.

NAME OF CHRIST.

Original.

'Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess, that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.'—PHIL. ii. 9, 10, 11.

In an existence liable to great disappointments, griefs, and afflictions, divine wisdom has most kindly bestowed on man the gift of the Lord Jesus, that he might bind up the broken-hearted—proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them who are bound; also, to cause the rose of consolation to grow in the thorny path of life—to open in the parched ground of hopeless sorrow a living spring of ceaseless joy.

As the hearts of parents are troubled with deep concern in seeing the sorrows of their children in affliction, and as such occasions call forth large demonstrations of parental compassion, so hath it pleased the Father of all mankind, to break through the dark clouds of mortality and sin, with the everlasting covenant, and by sending his anointed Son 'to undo the heavy burdens of the afflicted, and to let the oppressed go free, breaking every yoke.' 'Wherefore he highly exalted him,' as described in the text, 'and has given him a name, which is above every name.'

We will adduce some confirming evidence from the scriptures to prove that Jesus is exalted above every name. See Deut. xviii. 15. Moses says:—'The Lord shall raise up unto thee a prophet, from the midst of thee, like unto me.' It is very certain that no prophet, priest, or king, ever rose from among

the Jewish nation, who equalled Moses, except Christ. The testimony in Isa ix. 6. is more plain: 'Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders. His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and his kingdom, to order and establish it with judgment and justice, from henceforth even forever.' This being applied to Jesus, most surely gives him a name that is above every name, as the text says. The following, from Jeremiah, applies to the same subject. 'I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. And this is the name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our righteousness.' Let us quote also from Daniel, chap. vii. 'I saw in the night visions, and behold one, like the Son of man, came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, and nations, and languages should serve him. His dominion is an everlasting dominion; and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.' This is true of the dominion and kingdom of the Messiah; it agrees with the text, and also with the following testimony of Paul to the Ephesians, in which he says that God—'Having made known unto us the mystery of his will according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself: that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one, all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him.' Eph. i. 9, 10. So surely as the purposes of God are performed, the Lord Jesus must be the Prince and Savior of the world, to whose authority all kingdoms, empires, powers, and worlds must be subject; all shall serve this Prince of Peace, to whose government and peace there is no end. This exalts the name of the blessed Jesus above every name. Search all creation, and you cannot find an individual who is not included in the universal empire of the great Redeemer. The kingdom of Satan must fall. It must lose all its subjects. Why? The reason we have already quoted from scripture. God wills and purposes to gather all things together in Christ. All people, nations, and languages shall serve him. This is Universalism—the Universalism of the Bible. Man's words would not make it plainer.

God highly exalted his Son to the ever blessed station of Universal Prince; and the design of that exaltation must, and will be accomplished. The work will be all done, for which Jesus was crowned with glory and honor; all people will serve him, and their peace will never end.

The authority of Jesus was for the advantage of all whom it concerned; and it concerned the whole world. His government extends from sea to sea—from the river unto the ends of the earth. He is a common Prince; for the head of every man is Christ. What is the duty of a good prince? Ans. The protection, prosperity, and happiness of his subjects. The great Prince of Peace has attended to his duty; he has done all for his subjects which faithfulness and

love could do. He saw the world in all the guilt and misery of sin, and to redeem the world, he gave his life. 'He gave himself a ransom for all.' 'Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter. For the transgression of his people was he stricken.' Yes, Jesus is the Prince of Peace. He is a Prince and a Saviour. He lived, and suffered, and died for his people; and his people are all people—all the ends of the earth. Who ever lived on earth, who manifested so much loving-kindness, so much faithfulness—so much infinite wisdom, and almighty love? In looking to God through the gift of his exalted Son, our hearts are led to exclaim with the psalmist, 'Truly, O! Lord, thou art good unto all, and thy tender mercies are over all thy works.' God will not only deliver us from corruption, but he has given us eternal life through his Son, who is now lifted up from the earth, and will draw all men unto him, and all will serve him. They are not to be drawn to him to be forever condemned.

The great object for which Jesus was exalted is expressed in our text, i. e. 'unto him every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess him Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' The assurance that every knee shall bow to Jesus, shows how far his kingdom extends; that all mankind belong to it. Bowing the knee signifies repentance and submission. This is to be done by every knee. By the tongue confession is made unto righteousness. Every tongue is to confess. As the Revelator says—'Every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, &c. heard I saying, blessing, and honor and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever. The psalmist says—'All nations whom God has made shall come and worship before him, and glorify his name; this is the way every tongue will confess, to the glory of God. All will worship before him—all will own his Son to be Lord, and bless and honor him.

Jehovah says in Isa. xlv. 'Look unto me and be ye saved all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else. I have sworn by myself, the word has gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue swear; surely shall say in the Lord have I righteousness and strength; unto him shall men come; and all that are incensed against him shall be ashamed.'

Just as positively as the oath of Jehovah is accomplished, all the ends of the earth will be saved; every knee will bow to God, and every tongue will confess they have righteousness in him, and will be ashamed that they ever did otherwise. This universal submission and holiness will embrace all, given Christ, i. e. the heathen and the uttermost parts of the earth. All people—all the kingdoms of the world, will remember and turn unto the Lord—they will all be taught of him from the least to the greatest; they will embrace the gospel, renounce all dishonesty—forsake false gods and false worship, and return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads—they shall obtain joy and gladness and

sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Well did the angels in anticipation of this event sing—'Glory to to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men.' We have quoted the testimony which gives us the assurance that the kingdom of the Messiah, the everlasting gospel, which includes in its vast circumference all mankind, 'shall never be destroyed.' It is the work of the everlasting God. As it does not originate in, and is not dependent on, the passions of men, it cannot be destroyed. 'All other governments, from the imperfection of their nature, contain in them the seeds of their own destruction. Kings die, ministers change, subjects are not permanent; new relations arise, and with them new measures, new passions, and new projects; and these produce political changes, and often political ruin.' But the government to which Jesus is exalted, being the government of God, is as permanent as God himself, the very gates of hell cannot prevail against it. 'All the ends of the world, shall remember and turn unto the Lord, all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before him.'

How will this general submission be effected? Through the agency of the gospel, which represents God to be altogether lovely—the Father of mercy. It is impossible for any to refrain from loving and blessing God, when his true character is known. For a person, who knows God as he is, to hate him, would be more unnatural than for a man famishing with hunger to be opposed to wholesome food. 'We love God because he first loved us.' 'Know ye not that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?' The reason why Satan's kingdom has ever flourished on earth, is because God's character has been impeached and represented more odious than a demon's.

Had it not been for the cruelty which creeds apply to God, those persecutions and contentions, which have and do now disgrace the world, would not have existed.

Let love, the spirit of God, prevail, and all will become lovely, and love works no ill to its neighbor. This spirit, like the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, will grow and fill the whole earth. Jesus says, 'by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another.' When all bow the knee, and confess Jesus to be Lord to the glory of God, they will be his disciples—they will have love one for another—they will all, from the least to the greatest, be taught of God. The gospel is that which we must study to be taught of God; it is that, which reveals his love—it is that, which brings life eternal—it is that which Jesus commanded to be preached to every creature—it is the gospel which is to bring all the kindreds and families of the earth to worship before God, that he may be all in all.

Divine testimony is abundant in proving that the Lord Jesus shall rule until he has subdued all things unto himself—until he has conquered all enemies—destroyed death and him that has the power of death, that is the devil. The great opposing power, even the spirit of iniquity, which works in the children of disobedience, will be overcome by the Prince of Peace. Opposition cannot last forever.

This truth is enforced by an anecdote which appeared some time ago in a New York paper. It states that a gentleman, in the north part of New York, went to a Methodist inquiry meeting. 'The preacher or preachers commenced the inquiry as to the state of the mind and feelings of those, who continued in the meeting, and at length, came to this man and inquired how he felt. He answered, I feel very joyful, and am the happiest creature you ever saw. Indeed, sir, said the inquisitor, and how long have you been so happy? Three or four hours, was the answer. Well, sir, and will you tell me the cause of your happiness and joy? I will sir. This morning as I was coming to meeting with my wife, I found a piece of paper in the road which I picked up, and discovered it to be a leaf of a book called the Bible, on this leaf I found the following declaration; "Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that hath the power of death, THAT IS THE DEVIL; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." As soon as I found that the devil was to be destroyed, I began to feel happy, and cried, glory to God, the devil is to be destroyed! Glory to God, all that have been in bondage through fear of death shall be delivered! Glory to God, for this good news! In short, sir, I am the happiest creature that ever lived, on finding that Jesus shall triumph,—the devil be destroyed, and all souls delivered from his iron yoke of bondage. We need not inform the reader that the good clergyman passed on, without making any further inquiries, not much pleased at the thoughts of the devil being destroyed.'

As there can be no doubt that Jesus is able to bring about the universal submission and reconciliation of which the text speaks, let us inquire how it is for the glory of God. The text says 'every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue shall confess to the glory of God the Father.'

God is the Creator of all things. If any creature of his should experience eternal torment, and be an eternal loser by his existence—that certainly would not be any glory to God. It would have been far better to have left such a creature uncreated, if the expression be proper. The omniscient God must know what will be the consequence of his work before he performs it. Would it be just, merciful, or glorious for him to create any one for unending sufferings? No.

The glory of God must consist in the happiness of his children—in their reconciliation to his holy will and pleasure. It is impossible for that Being, who is love, to glory in anything opposed to his own nature; therefore, he can glory in nothing opposed to universal love and happiness. To produce this love and happiness he exalted Jesus; and when the object of that exaltation is completed, God's glory will be full—and the universe will be happy.

Some people think that the eternal misery of part of mankind is consistent with the glory of God! If this be the case, why did God send his Son to be the Saviour of the world? Why did Paul say that it was

the will of God that all men should be saved, and come unto the knowledge of the truth? Was God willing to sacrifice his glory? If it be for his glory, that sinners should endure the pains of hell forever, and he sent his Son to save these sinners, he sent him to diminish his glory; and if it was his will, that all men should be saved, then his will and glory were opposed each to the other. This is not the case; but 'the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together;' for all will serve him.

The scriptures inform us that God delights not in the death of the wicked, but had rather they would repent and live. Is it not certain that God would not rather sinners should repent and live, if their impenitence and eternal death were to his glory? This cannot be to his glory? It is for his glory that all should repent. It is for his glory that every knee shall bow to Christ, and every tongue confess him Lord; this is for the glory of God the Father. Those, who teach a different doctrine, instead of giving God glory, dishonor him.

In earthly kingdoms, where we see the most happiness and peace prevailing, we naturally conclude that they have the best governments and rulers. And if the kingdom of Jesus is perfect, universal submission, peace, and happiness must be its character.—God be praised, that all people shall submit to his government, and that to its increase and peace there shall be no end. Let us all willingly bow at the feet of him whom God has exalted above every name—let us learn of him—bear his easy yoke—and carry his light burden, and receive, for a reward, rest to our souls. The christian name, like the government over which Christ is placed, is imperishable. All previous kingdoms have changed, and the very names of the people have changed with them. 'The Assyrians were lost in the Chaldeans and Babylonians; the Babylonians were lost in the Medes; the Medes in the Persians; the Persians in the Greeks; the Greeks in the Syrians and Egyptians; these in the Romans; and the Romans in the Goths and a variety of other nations.' But the kingdom of Jesus shall never be changed. All others shall be united in it, and its duration shall be without end. His name shall live forever. The event will prove, that Jesus is the only name, under heaven, given among men, whereby all shall be saved. Let God have the glory.

B. W.

AUTUMN.

Original.

'The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown
and sere.'

Oh, how swiftly Time wings his flight! and how each succeeding year of life seems to lend him a fleetier pinion, while impressing upon our hearts a better sense of its exceeding value. But a little while ago and it was summer; the earth wore her green velvet mantle with a grace—the birds warbled their melody in the draperied trees—and the rills and rivers danced joyfully on in their sunny course. And now it is autumn! Already has the earth donned her

robe of russet—the skies assumed a darker, colder blue—and the mournfully sighing winds tell of the fast coming winter. The leaves, like the dying dolphin, put on the varying colors which precede decay, and now lie dried and mouldering upon the ground. The flower-stalks are bent and broken by the blast, and their wan, discolored petals strew the garden walks. How sadly now does the thought come o'er us that the bright and the beautiful must thus ever fade away. We can no more wander out to inhale the perfumed breath of the dewy morning, when every flower-cup holds its pearls, and every spear of grass is sparkling with a diamond. Look! where the industrious spider has woven his web o'er the green-sward in the nighttime that the dews may adorn it, and when his gossamer habitation is lit by the slant beams of morning it shines like the palace of a fairy glittering with gems. We can no longer stroll in the quiet fields and shady lanes hearing no sound but the hum of insects,—the song of birds—and the music of waters—in utter abandonment, like those gay-winged creatures, to joy in the mere sense of existence in such a beautiful world as this of ours—or sit musing for hours upon the hill side, watching the white flying clouds that come o'er the bright blue sky like a sorrow o'er the face of laughing childhood—and as quickly pass away; alas! how unlike those leaden masses that now spread their broad folds o'er the azure heaven, like the grief of age—to end in settled gloom and tears.

But a few more summers—how few none can tell—and we too shall sleep the wintry sleep, and may we go to our resting place like the flowers, with the perfume of virtue around us, rejoicing in the hope—that as they will again open their petals to the sunshine—so surely, shall we awake in the sunshine of our heavenly Father's smiles.

D.

Nov. 1835.

IMPROMPTU LINES,

Written on hearing a friend say that there could not be any change after death, and that Christ would not then forgive his enemies.

Original.

If Christ, the founder of our faith,
Forbids us to revenge a wrong;
And in his holy word he saith,
Vengeance to man doth not belong;
If in the agonies of death
He to his God and Father prayed,
And with his last, his dying breath,
A pardon for his murd'ers craved;
Say, will he not, now he doth reign
In power supreme, at God's right hand,
Do by his enemies the same,
As when he gave the great command?
If for his foes we will not pray,
Nor pardon, as he once forgave,
'Tis worse than mockery to say—
'There is no change beyond the grave.'

E. Cambridge, 1835.

B.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.—NO. VI.

Original.

In closing these remarks upon the method and manner of instruction, it may be necessary to say to the teacher, do not forget the moral. A moral, interesting as well as instructive, may be drawn from almost every circumstance or relation to which the attention of the child is directed; and is designed in a great degree to impress upon the mind of the child, and make plain to his understanding, the instruction he has received.

The Scriptures, which are to be his principal study, abound with interesting biography, and relations of events which are well calculated to catch the attention of the pupil, and which from the beautiful and instructive moral they contain, as a source of study and interest for a child, are without a parallel. There scenes of vice, and its degrading effects upon the character, and its ruinous results to peace, true enjoyment and prosperity, not only in relation to individuals but to society, are truly, fully and vividly pictured, while virtue, with its happyfying and renovating influences upon the character and the world, is represented in lines glowing with the inspiration of truth. And as we wish our pupils to avoid vice and thereby escape its demoralizing effects, and to practice virtue and thereby elevate the 'standard of the man,' and make them welcome and useful members of society and adornments of mankind, nothing can be better adapted to effect this purpose, than an exhibition of the various effects and tendencies of the one principle and its opposite, and the application to themselves of the moral. Let the teacher, therefore, while he gives to his pupils biblical instruction and presents before them scriptural examples and illustrations of character and practice, neglect not to impress upon them the necessary and beneficial principles contained within the moral; showing them that evil principles cannot, as they were of erst, otherwise than be eventually productive of evil results, while virtuous and beneficial principles will, as they were ever wont, produce corresponding and proportionate effects—teaching them that as they plant so shall they reap, even as have their predecessors, whose characters have been presented to them to avoid or imitate.

But there is no necessity of confining the deduction of the moral to the scriptural expositions of character, although thence is the most desirable source of instruction. Bees can extract sweets the most luscious from the most rank and poisonous members of the vegetable world; and, so can the teacher draw instruction from almost every object, whether it be good or whether it be evil, which attracts his attention. Every event of the passing world—every transpiring circumstance in civil or religious society, will afford a theme of interesting discussion between the teacher and the pupil, as well as a fountain whence will flow streams of instruction to both. From almost every present, passing or past object or event, the Saviour gathered a moral to benefit his audience; and, thus may the sabbath school teacher take advantage of such objects or circumstances as come beneath his notice, and present them for the purpose of instruction, with an accompanying and appropriate moral before his scholars. Even the artless and

sometimes senseless prattle of a child is an abundant source of instruction. The pupil in relating some circumstance which has fallen under his observation, will give the teacher an opportunity by which he can seize upon its incidents, and glean perhaps from its barrenness, as we may term it, rich gems of moral, which will be of much efficiency in promoting the cause in the mind of the child, at which his efforts tend. And the teacher will furthermore find it of much utility to engage the child in conversation relating to the various characters or events which he has noticed; thus, independently of the benefit to be gained from the moral thereof, producing social and pleasant feeling between both the teacher and the scholar.

The sabbath school instructor will also find means of making many instructive and beneficial remarks from casual observations and, as it may appear, at first, simple queries made by his pupils, and find them afford a wide scope for moral deductions. To illustrate this observation, I will cite a circumstance. In a class of which the writer of this article was formerly an instructor, was a young lad who was in no high degree celebrated for proficiency in his studies. Belonging to the class was what was termed a class paper, on which was registered the names of the pupils composing the class, who, according to their various degrees of perfection in recitation and conduct, were awarded, upon that paper, a mark. Occasionally, their teacher, from want of sufficient lead in his pencil, was obliged to moisten it with his lips, after which it was exceedingly difficult to erase its impression. Once, having occasion to erase a mark made in that manner, which happened to be a bad one, or a mark of imperfect recitation, this scholar above referred to asked why it would not rub out as easily as the others. The reason was given him; and this circumstance, by their teacher, was immediately made a subject of improvement to his class. It was stated to them that this mark was the exact symbol of an evil habit, which was more easily attained than eradicated. It was also compared to a bad character, which, when once acquired, which is very easily done, however desirous we may afterward be of cleansing ourselves of the stain, will forever soil our fairer, but later-acquired fame, with its blackening blur. Thus was this slight circumstance made, as a medium of instruction, of momentous import. And their teacher justly conceives and fondly hopes, that the impression of its moral, from the interest they took in listening to the comparison, will remain indelibly impressed upon their minds, that it may deter hereafter the introduction of a darker impress thereon.

And thus may the sabbath school teacher seize upon many slight and frivolous circumstances and incidents, and extract therefrom efficient and instructive morals. Thus, we may elicit the waters of instruction from a child's barren artlessness, and change into nectar the insipidity of an infant mind, that it may return, like the clouds which exhale from the earth, to refresh and beautify that from which it, without any such power, originally proceeded. And let me exhort the sabbath teacher, before closing this article, while he pays regard to system in instruction, not to forget the moral.

D. J. M.

THE FARIES' SONG.

Original.

[The subjoined stanzas contain in their sentiment a rich mine of instruction. The song was sung to me by a certain of the fairy tribe whom we term Fancy; and, I think if we of mortality should take heed to the example, and amidst all our avocations and duties proceed in the sense and with the approbation of conscience, 'Fearing but God,' they would be better performed, and eventuate in the superior welfare of individuals and the world.]

O'ER hill and forest tree,
Valley and woodland lea,
Gaily we ever flee
Spurning the sod;
Swifter than tempest wind,
Leaving no track behind,
Upward in course inclined,
Fearing but God.

Where we our pathway take,
Forth into song we break,
Echo must ever wake,
When we 're abroad;
For, like the rushing sea
Swelling with minstrelsy,
Pour we our melody,
Praising but God.

High born and hallowed bliss
Is there in life like this—
Pierce thou its pleasantness,
Thought's magic rod!
Thus will we ever rove,
Winging our flight above,
Thinking of, dreaming of,
Worshipping God.

D. J. M.

THE BLESSING OF ISSACHAR AND ZEBULON.

Original.

'They shall call the people unto the mountain; there they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness; for they shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand.'—DEUT. xxxiii. 19.

Moses, the mediator between God and the people of Israel, was apprised of his demise long before the hour arrived. He was not permitted to enter Canaan with the people of his charge, but from the top of Pisgah descried the promised land, and in submission to the will of his Maker prepared for his approaching exit, with the fortitude and composure of a christian.

He loved his brethren, and could not bid them adieu without pronouncing upon each tribe a blessing. They were accordingly assembled, and their great leader, guided by the spirit of faith and prophecy, uttered a prophetic blessing. The text forms the blessing which was spoken with reference to the descendants of Zebulon and Issachar, verse 18. 'Rejoice, Zebulon, in thy going out; and Issachar, in thy coming in.' These tribes were to be contiguous in Canaan; as they were brothers german, being

both sons of Leah, and thereby had a nearer interest and affection among themselves, and their tents were pitched contiguous to each other in the plains of Moab. Moses addresses them as forming one body of people. His language is, with a little variation, a repetition and confirmation of the blessing pronounced by dying Jacob. Zebulon, the younger of the two brothers, is preferred in both; and in distributing the lots, Zebulon has the third lot, Issachar only the fourth. The inheritance of Zebulon was to be of a peculiar quality, and they were to draw their substance and wealth from sources very different from those of the rest of Israel; they were to grow great by navigation and trade.

The sea, that unruly element, was to be made tributary to them, and through it a passage opened to them to the vast, populous and wealthy shores of Africa on the south, and of Asia and Europe on the north. 'They shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand. They shall call the people unto the mountain, there they shall offer the sacrifice of righteousness.' The Chaldean applies these words peculiarly to Issachar, and translates them thus—'Rejoice Issachar, that is, be thou blessed in thy going to appoint the times of the solemn feasts of Israel,' which has a reference to what we read of this tribe, 1 Chron. xii. 32—'And of the children of Issachar, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do, the heads of them were two hundred, and all their brethren were at their commandment.' This is generally understood of the times and seasons of the year, of the new moons and other appearances of the heavenly bodies, by which the solemn festivals were regulated, and which they of Issachar, by their astronomical observation and skill, calculated for the use of all Israel. Hence they are represented in the blessing of Moses as calling the people unto Mount Zion were the temple was.

Thus we see that every tribe had some distinct and separate province, some peculiar benefit and privilege, that in the commonwealth of Israel, as in the national body, there might be no schism, nor the hand liable to say to the eye or to the foot, 'I have no need of thee.' I have now given the opinion and language of a distinguished English divine, with reference to the meaning of the blessing wherewith Moses blessed these two tribes. And before I dismiss this part of the subject, I will adduce the testimony of Dr. Adam Clark, the noted Methodist commentator. He says:—

'By their traffic with the Gentiles, they shall be the instruments in God's hands of converting many to the true faith; so that instead of sacrificing to idols, they should offer sacrifices of righteousness.'

On the words, 'suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hid in the sand,' he holds the following language—'Grow wealthy by merchandise.' And respecting the remainder of the verse, he quotes the language of an ancient writer, who supposes that the manufacture of glass originated with these tribes. And as sand is a prominent ingredient in the article of glass, Moses may have had reference to this. How true this is, I am unable to say; but am of the opinion that by putting the testimonies

now quoted together, we shall arrive at the true import of the language of Moses.

Every thing in the law was typical of the gospel. The law and the prophets prophesied until John; since that time, the kingdom of heaven is preached. 'The law had a shadow of good, but the substance is of Christ.' With this truth in full view, I pass to make a further use of the text than simply to apply it according to its primary signification.

First, They shall call the people to the mountain.

In order to set forth the mountain to which I am desirous of calling the readers attention, I must relate a dream. This is not common. Some clergymen often illustrate their text by relating a portion of their experience; but very few relate dreams for this purpose. But it is not a dream of my own. It is the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon. If it had been my own, I should be justified in relating it, for the scripture saith, 'He that hath a dream, let him tell a dream.'

The monarch of the east saw in the vision of the night, an image whose form was terrible. Its head was fine gold; his breast and arms, silver; Its belly and thighs brass. And its legs were of iron, and its feet were part iron and part clay. He saw a stone cut out of a mountain without hands, which smote the image upon its feet, ground it to powder, and it became like chaff of the summer threshing floor, and the wind carried them away, and no place was found for them; and the stone which smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.

When Daniel the prophet had told this dream to the king, for the king had forgotten it, he gave the interpretation, of which the following is the substance—The gold head represented the Chaldean monarchy in the hands of the Babylonians. The silver, the Medes and Persians who succeeded the Babylonians. The brass the Grecians, and the iron and clay the Romans; thus indicating, that the government in their hands would be partly strong, and partly broken, the ten toes represented the ten divisions of the Roman government. When the Romans had the government of the world, the most high God should establish his kingdom, which is represented by the stone, and this should be superior to every other kingdom.

There is a remarkable prophecy in Ezekiel, to wit, 'I will overturn, and overturn, and overturn it, and it shall be no more, until he come, whose right it is, and I will give it him.' I give the prediction this application and definition—I will overturn the government of the world from the Babylonians to the Persians—from the Persians to the Grecians—from the Grecians to the Romans. And when the latter have the ascendancy, then he whose right it is to reign, shall come, and I will give him the throne.

It is further worthy to be remembered, that when the Romans had the government of the world, the king of Zion appeared. The emperor of Rome sent out a decree that the whole world should be taxed. This signified that all were in subjection to him. In the very year this decree took effect, our Lord was born. The wise men came from the east and enquired, 'where is he that is born king of the Jews?'

for we have seen his star in the east, and have come to worship him.' Then was the kingdom of the Messiah established, and it is to this mountain that I wish to direct the attention of the reader. In this mountain the Lord of Hosts hath made unto all people a feast of fat things, full of marrow, of wines on the lees will refined. Here he has promised to swallow up death in victory, wipe tears from off all faces, and remove the rebuke of his people from off all the earth.

This is the mount Zion, where the true tabernacle of God is builded. Here the house of God is established above the hills, beyond the reach of noise and confusion; and here the weary soul may repair and find rest and comfort. And here, too, we can descry the promised land, as did Moses from Pisgah's top. Here we can look far beyond the bounds of time, and the ravages of death, and feast on fruits immortal and glorious. From the summit of the mountain, we can hear the host of heaven sing the loud and joyful anthem of glory to God in the highest, thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ. We catch a full blaze of celestial fire, and loud respond, on earth peace, and good will toward men. Amen and Amen. Here is righteousness, peace, and joy in the holy ghost.

2. There they shall offer the sacrifice of righteousness.

The sacrifice which those who have come by faith to the mountain of the Lord are called upon to offer, is not opposed to their happiness or prosperity. They are not required to present their innocent babes in burnt offering to appease the wrath and placate the anger of an offended deity. The God they worship is of one mind. He changes not. Neither are they required to present splendid and costly sacrifices. The gospel calls upon no one to come before God with calves of a year old, nor to give their first born for their transgression, nor the fruit of their bodies for the sin of their souls. He requires not rivers of oil, nor thousands of rams.

The sound which has gone out from the mountain of God's holiness is distinctly heard by the believer, bidding him to look up and behold the great sacrifice of righteousness, which has already been offered, even Jesus, the Lord our righteousness, who once in the end of the world hath appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.

The requirement is, 'offer unto God the sacrifice of prayer and praise, the fruit of your lips, which is your reasonable service.' And delightful is the employment. We can approach the throne with our hearts warmed with the truth of heaven, and our lips touched with the fire of divine love, and engage in the sublime exercise of devotion, while a foretaste of heaven and immortal glory, renders the effort not a vain thing, but our meat and our drink.

Not with our voices alone are we to offer this sacrifice. We are required, we are earnestly besought, and entreated by the mercies of God, to present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable in his sight, which is our reasonable service. Rom. xvii. 2. This we can do, only by living in compliance with the plain precepts of the gospel.

It is not sufficient to say, Lord, Lord, and do not

the things he has commanded; we must 'let our lives and lips express the holy gospel we profess.' For the christian without works is like the watch without hands. The inside work, however finely and properly wrought, avails nothing, if there be not something to indicate the flight of time. So the christian, however loud may be his professions, and long his prayers, will differ not from the most degraded heathen, unless he live the christian. Indeed, if he do not obey the precepts of Christ, he is his enemy, and not his friend—'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I have commanded you,' said the Saviour, and this language is so definite, that it needs no comment.

3. They shall suck of the abundance of the seas.

The gospel is an ocean. It is a sea without a shore. The love and mercy of the king of kings flows full and free.

'Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.'

John saw a vast multitude standing on the sea of glass mingled with fire, and heard them sing of the love and glory of God. Read his language—Rev. xv. 2. 'And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God. And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy; for all nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee; for thy judgments are manifest.'

The gospel is unquestionably here referred to, and having the victory over the beast, his mark, and his image, undoubtedly signifies the power there is in the faith of Christ to raise the mind above the traditions and commandments of men—above the vain things of time and sense, to the full and perfect enjoyment of the truth as it is in Jesus.

How many have partook of the sea of God's immeasurable love and goodness! The supply is abundant, and after having drank of the waters of life till our thirst is fully quenched, an ample provision still remains for all the sons and daughters of Adam. The waters flow full and free for all mankind.

'No one need be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.'

Like the shining of the sun, the river flowing from the mountain of God, courses onward, and though myriads partake of it, there is still an abundance remaining. It matters not how many partake of the blessings of the sun—how many are lighted and warmed by its rays—the fountain of light continues unexhausted. So with the gospel sea. If a whole nation partake of its abundance, enough remains for others.

Reader, hast thou believed on the son of God? If so, thou art acquainted with the joy which flows from a participation in the blessings of the gospel, which

is realized by the exercise of an active faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. If thou art still an unbeliever—if the gospel you have never bound to your heart, you are yet a stranger to true peace and happiness. Come, without delay, and believe on the son of God, and thus enter into rest. Remember, that the provisions of God's house are free for all, that men are invited to eat the bread of God which cometh down from heaven, because it will give them life; and to drink at the wells of salvation, because no other waters can slake the burning mental thirst which now torments the sinner.

As, then, the river of God flows full and free, how unwise are those who go to the broken cisterns which can contain no water. Let every one, who loves peace of mind, and all who are desirous of obtaining true comfort, forsake the murky waters of mystery Babylon, and draw their consolation from the pure river of the water of life, which flows from the presence of God and the Lamb. D. D. S.

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT.

Original.

OH! has he come again? and shall we hear
That voice persuasive, that with tones so clear,
Told us the love of God, from year to year?
Ah no!—'t is but the painter's art we see,
And this is all that now we have of thee!
Throw up the window!—let the cold winds seek,
To chase the color from that glowing cheek.
They have no power to pale or chill it now,
Or lift the hair from off the polished brow.
Silent thou art!—and passionless—and still;
Yet the same smile is there, which oft did fill
Our souls with joy;—and e'en when called to part
It sent its sunshine to each sorrowing heart.
Those lips are mute—yet round the mouth there stays
The sweet expression of those happy days,
When to thy words such eloquence was given,
To win our thoughts and lead our hearts to heaven.
The eyes are fixed! their glances cannot stray!
'T is but a picture!—thou art far away!
At that sad thought, our own with tears are wet;
Blessings on thee! and for ourselves regret.

M. A. D.

INTERNAL EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

Original.

MR. EDITOR—As you desired me to furnish something for the columns of your periodical, and, as I know not how I can communicate any thing better at this time, I have made the subjoined extract from a discourse delivered by the subscriber, (in connection with several others by clergymen of this town,) before the young men of this place, on the evidences of christianity.

L. WILLIS.

Salem, Nov. 6th, 1835.

* * * * *
Let us now come to the examination of the religion itself. Let us scrutinize it, and see if it actually possesses these intrinsic excellences, which, in our esti-

mation, will establish its claim to be regarded as of a divine origin. It is true, that, however well attested a religion may be by miracles, commended by fulfilment of prophecy, or confirmed by monuments and direct historical evidence, we shall judge of its claims upon our belief, very much by its intrinsic qualities or character.

What incomparable moral beauties are exhibited to our view as soon as we begin to 'look into the perfect law of liberty?' We every where meet with the divine signature, and find, in every place, that the gospel is, in spirit and truth, a transcript of its blessed author. He was love divine exerting itself in ceaseless endeavors to advance the highest interests of mankind! What beauty and excellence are put forth in the descriptive language of an apostle, where he says—'Jesus of Nazareth who went about doing good.'

It is not wonderful that cultivated minds, although from some reason or other they may not acknowledge the divinity of his mission, are nevertheless, compelled to revere and love his character. 'In Christ,' (says an avowed unbeliever,) 'we have an example of a quiet and peaceable spirit, of a becoming modesty and sobriety, just, honest, upright and sincere; and above all, of a most gracious and benevolent behavior. One who did no wrong, no injury to any man; in whose mouth was no guile; who did good not only by his miracles, but also in curing all manner of diseases among the people. His life was a beautiful picture of human nature in its purity and simplicity, and showed at once what excellent creatures men would have been under the influence and power of that gospel which he preached unto them.' (Thomas Chubb.)

And Rausseau, at a moment when he appears to have been inclined to revoke in doubt his skeptical opinions, and expand his mind to admit the illumination of truth, has recorded his convictions upon this subject in a style worthy a more hallowed pen. It is recollected that he began one of his most eloquent 'confessions' as follows:—

'I will confess to you that the majesty of the scriptures strike me with admiration as the purity of the gospel has its influence upon my heart,' &c. Whoever reads this confession through, is constrained to acknowledge that it is truly a beautiful and just encomium upon the author and records of christianity; and evinces how susceptible was the refined mind of this accomplished Frenchman, to moral, as well as natural beauties.

I have said that christianity is in spirit and in truth a transcript of its author. But let us look particularly at some of its essential qualities.

First. Its purity. Every person who has discussed the intrinsic excellence of the christian scriptures must have strong and deep the conviction that a purity pervades them that is truly sanctifying in its tendency and charming in its character. What a beautiful sentiment was uttered by our Master on the mount—if I may select one from the many—when he said: 'Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.' All must confess that there is a hallowed spirit which breathes throughout the whole instruction of the divine teacher, exhibiting to the mental

vision, in all its native loveliness, the moral image of the divinity. It should seem that no person could study the holy record without being sensible of an idea of purity impressing his mind—much in the same way as when he looks out upon the landscape on which rests a mantle of newly fallen snow, or when he gazes upon the cloudless heavens, or looking down upon the placid lake, clear as crystal, sees there 'mirrored those upper deeps.'

The gospel is a mirror in which is seen the glory of him who 'was holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners;' and we delight to look upon his divine likeness, till it moulds us, in some good degree, into the same image of moral purity. Well might the refined and accomplished, but skeptical Rousseau, be constrained to confess as he did, that 'the majesty of the scriptures struck him with admiration as the purity of the gospel had its influence upon his heart.'

At this point, we are met by an inquiry from the unbeliever. He asks, why, if the gospel is so pure, and has such a beautiful and happy tendency, are there so many impure hearts—so much that is impure in thought, in word, and deed, among those who are the professed friends of christianity? That there are impurities among those who claim to be followers of Christ is as true as it is lamentable! But why it is so, to me is unaccountable; and I have often thought of the great surprise of a Hindoo Rajah (recently converted to christianity.) When he was told, that, in christendom, thousands made a profession of religion, who, nevertheless, lived unholy lives, he exclaimed—'Is it possible, that a person can be a professor of the holy religion of the son of God, and still be wicked?' It is possible! But it is extremely inconsistent.

We are all aware that the unfaithfulness and sins of nominal christians, and even of those who have made great pretensions to piety, have caused a great deal of scandal in the world, and have put many a stumbling block in the way of the wavering mind. I know that with a certain class of minds, the fact of the defection of a clergyman, for example, will do more towards exciting, or confirming unbelief, than the most ingenious arguments of the skeptic. The wickedness of one unworthy minister will weigh more, in such minds, against, than the exemplary virtue and uniform christian excellence of hundreds of the faithful, in favor of christianity. But what justice is there in this decision? Were there hundreds, who prove recreant to truth and duty, to one who should be faithful, even then, we could not justly condemn the religion they had dishonored, unless we discovered that in this religion there was something that either allows, or has a tendency to produce impurity of heart and life. My friends, look not on the world to know whether the christian religion is true or not—look not on christian professors even; for they often quench the spirit. But look upon the 'author and finisher of our faith'—look upon the gospel; and you will see that every wanton look, every impure desire, every corrupt purpose and every sinful act are strictly forbidden.

Here I wish, incidentally, to remark, that in many cases infidelity has its origin in feeling, and not a

conviction, which is the result of an enlightened exercise of the intellect in the work of investigating the evidences of christianity. Those who have carefully observed men and noticed the circumstances which have usually attended a renunciation of the christian faith and an espousal of infidel principles, will be convinced that most are led to doubt the divine authority of the gospel, first, by a feeling that it is not true. This feeling cannot be reasoned with—for the feelings are all blind—it is then no matter how powerful or numerous the arguments may be which are used to convince such of their errors.

One circumstance, which is very apt to induce this state of feeling, is the disgust occasioned by the vile conduct of some professed christians. We have known many individuals, who, when the evidences of the christian religion are presented, will admit that they are rational—BUT—this nullifying word BUT is always at hand and in the way—'BUT,' say they, 'see the conduct of certain christians; they are no better than those who make much less pretensions.'

Again: We have also known men who had been very devoted, zealous and sincere christians; but who have, by a lawsuit, or some parish difficulty, in which those who claim to be christians have been concerned, suddenly become confirmed skeptics. This last state of mind does not appear to have been the result of an investigation of the evidences which may be adduced in proof of christianity; but by a feeling caused by settled disgust at the reprehensible conduct of some who call themselves christians.

Multitudes, both of those who have professed religion and of those who have not, have acquired an aversion to it from the circumstance of disgust at what appeared to them unwarrantable principles and opinions, as incorporated in some particular form of christian faith; and because this or that system of religion is deemed unworthy of belief, christianity is set aside as 'a cunningly devised fable.' This feeling is not peculiar to infirm minds; but great minds are subject to it; and I am of the opinion, that if the true state of the case were known, it would appear that nearly, if not quite, all of those superior minds that have been skeptical and are so now, acquired, at some time, disgust or aversion to religion, from the causes above mentioned, which finally determined their minds to unbelief. As a case in point, I refer to Lord Bolingbroke. It is related of him, that 'he was compelled in his youth to read to his aunt, as a matter of duty, De Manton's one hundred and ninety long sermons on the 119th Psalm; and perhaps the deep and fixed dislike to religion created by this tiresome task, had more influence than any argument in perverting the energies of his bold mind to infidelity.'

But, my friends, if you are conscious of this feeling of aversion, put not yourselves within the influence of such writers as Hume, Gibbon and Paine. But rather set yourselves down to the work of investigation of the credibility of the scriptures, and see what the friends can say, as well as the enemies of religion; that is—do as did that distinguished statesman and orator, the late Hon. William Wirt,—who confessed that though he was once skeptical in regard to the christian religion, he became fully convinced of its

truth by reading Horne's Introduction to a Critical Study of the Scriptures; and I doubt not that the result will be to you as it happily was to him.

As loveliness and purity never appear so charming and attractive as when placed in contrast with their opposites, allow me in conclusion of this particular part of this discourse to direct your attention to a comparison of the morality of the gospel with that taught by such as say, 'away with the Bible—let us have the light of nature,—that is sufficient.'

Doubtless Lord Herbert may be regarded as the first and best of the infidels of England; and he has told us, that 'the indulgence of lewdness and anger is no more to be blamed than the thirst occasioned by a dropsy or the drowsiness produced by a lethargy.' Mr. Hobbs has ventured to assert that 'the sovereign is not bound by the obligations of truth and justice, and can do no wrong to his subjects; and that every man has a right to all things, and may lawfully get them if he can.' Lord Bolingbroke maintains that 'modesty is a mere prejudice and that polygamy is a part of the law of nature,' and principles similar to these were set forth and defended by several other advocates of the sufficiency of nature's light. But when we have contemplated for a moment such awfully pernicious principles, how profitable and happy to turn away to the contemplation of the christian religion, as taught and exemplified by its author! And then it is commanded—'abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul—abstain from the appearance of evil;—and, as he that has called you is holy, be ye holy in all manner of conversation.' Let us now pass from a consideration of the moral purity of the Gospel,

2. To notice the unity or fellowship of its spirit.

It is a fact, I believe that cannot be successfully denied, that however much christians may differ on points of doctrine, when they all drink into the spirit of religion, there is a chord in each heart that sends forth a ready and harmonious response.

Doubtless it is not practical for all christians in this life, to think just alike; but they may have and keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. It does not appear to have been the intention of Christ to effect a unanimity of opinion in regard to religious doctrine: but, it was his intention, to make them love God with their whole heart and their neighbors as themselves. It was, in a word, to make Greek and Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, all one in the Lord. When the Saviour prayed for his disciples, it was that they might be one as he and the Father were one—one in spirit.

But it is objected by the unbeliever, that, if the tendency of the religion of Christ is to promote a spirit of concord and union among those who profess it, why are there so many divisions?—would not a religion from God be viewed by all alike?

Why are there so many divisions among christians? Christ is not divided; but his followers are. And the occasion of this state of things is to be sought in the fact that men have left Christ as their spiritual and only proper guide and taken men for their masters. One has said, I am of Calvin, and another, I am of Arminius, another, I am of Westley, and another I am of Winchester, &c. But wherein is chris-

tianity responsible for these divisions?—and would not a religion from God be viewed by all alike?

Is it true that the great Author of all things visible and invisible, cannot be the source of a thing that would be regarded by different men in different lights? No one but an Atheist denies that God is the author of nature. But what a diversity of opinion has been entertained by philosophers with respect to the great things of nature? I see not why it should be thought that God is not the author of a religion because concerning which men have differed widely in their views, any more than that he should be thought not to be author of the universe around us because men have differed as widely in their views of philosophy. The fact is, and it should never be lost sight of, that on all great and important subjects men will differ in their opinions. But let it not be forgotten that the gospel, which teaches us to 'call no man master on earth; for one is your master even Christ'—is not responsible for the different opinions, and the divisions among christians.

3. Its expansive, unrestricted benevolence, stamps the gospel with a broad signature of its divine authority. The christian is required to be more kind, and exercise a more extensive love than the Jews or Gentiles were ever in the habit of exercising. He was told by his great Master that if he loved those who loved him he did no more than the heathen: he was required to love, i. e., do good to his enemies,—to do good to 'all'—being kindly affectioned one to another, and putting away wrath and evil speaking; that he might be the children and imitators of his heavenly Father.

See a full illustration of this broad benevolence—this love to enemies—this kindness to all in the conduct of the good Samaritan; and if you doubt the practicability of the requirement to love and pray for your enemies—that is, to be thus universally kind and benevolent—go and stand by the dying Saviour, and hear the prayer which he offers for those who, with wicked hand, were shedding his blood. Do you not hear him saying, 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do?'

Here we are met again by an objection. It is asked, why, if the spirit of the gospel is universally benevolent, have christians hated and persecuted one another?—why have the annals of history been stained with the blood of martyrs?

Let it be said, and remembered too, by us all, that all these disgraceful persecutions, wars, and crimes, have been committed not only without the consent, but against the direct prohibitions of the gospel. Instead of regarding the declaration of the merciful Jesus, who said he 'came not to destroy men's lives but to save them,' they have thought that God did not love his enemies in a way to do them good; and, to do him service, they have wreaked their unmeasured vengeance upon their enemies. But is christianity to be blamed for these tremendous perversions both of its letter and spirit? I think not. And no candid mind will ever charge those flagrant violations of the essential principles of our holy religion to the principles themselves.

4. Another characteristic of the christian religion which indicates its heavenly origin, is the moral pow-

er by which it reforms the sinful and abandoned, and aids them to attain to high degrees of moral excellence and happiness. This is a fact that has been signally and abundantly attested. We see every where the trophies of this renovating power. We know that multitudes, who have dishonored their Maker and degraded themselves by their crimes, have become converted from the error of their ways, and have since lived honored and useful and happy.

Philosophy will enlighten the understanding, and may direct its subject into the path of duty; but unless it is 'baptized in the fountain of eternal love,' it will not reform the vicious. Cicero acknowledges that 'the philosophy of the ancients, though splendid in theory, did not reform the lives of its professors.' It belongs to christianity to affect the heart, and lead on the willing mind to newness of life.

Here it will be asked by the objector—why, if there is such a power essential to christianity to convert the habitual transgressor to the service and love of God—why are there so many who assent to its truth and still live in their transgressions? Answer—because these resist, and close their hearts against, the renovating influences of divine truth and grace.

I will presume to prove to any mind capable of rational conviction, that whoever will obey the truth of God will purify their hearts. It was St. Peter who said to his christian brethren, 'ye have purified your hearts in obeying the truth.' It is the tendency of christian truth to do this. And although many who live within the means of religious improvement are indisposed to yield themselves up to the sanctifying influence of sacred truth; yet, we see many, by this means, thoroughly reformed; and this characteristic indicates fully that this religion is from heaven and not of men.

5. This religion, unlike the Jewish, which was intended and suitable only for one nation, is intended and is suitable, by its genius and principles, for all nations. The promise of Deity to the Patriarchs, therefore, was, that 'all the nations and families of the earth should be blessed,' i. e. in Christ a Spiritual Saviour.

The objection to be offered now, is, that, if the christian religion came from God, he would have favored all his children alike, and not left a great part of the race to perish everlastingly in their ignorance of the Redeemer. If God is good to all as he is the Creator of all, it is said, he would not have withholden the means of salvation from any human being. If it were true that any of mankind will be eternally losers because they have not had the gospel preached to them, I confess, that the impartial goodness of Deity could not well be vindicated: But I contend that the objector has no right or authority to assume the ground that would certainly impeach the impartial benevolence of God. The Bible, as the objector may see, authorizes us to believe in and adore his impartial goodness and love; and teaches us that such will be the result of his moral government, that it will appear at last, that no ill consequences have resulted to the children of men, from not having sent his gospel to all nations at once; but that a great and ever-during good had been promoted by this marvellous order in his wise and gra-

cious providence. This amiable and interesting characteristic of our religion, evinces that the Deity is its author.

6. Of the many traits of surpassing excellence that are essential to our religion, which have not yet been noticed—and the one half has not been told you—I can add but one more at this time. And, to exhibit that to view, I must invite the skeptical objector to accompany me into the sick chamber, and stand by the side of the couch, on which is the 'dying christian just languishing into life.' Here is a scene most interesting to him, who trusts that page 'on which triumphs immortality!' Here is the trial of principles; here, is the victory of faith; and here, the triumphs which those gain whose hope takes hold on heaven.

Could the unbeliever be placed in the situation of the faithful minister of religion; and witness, almost daily, the wasting form, the languid eye and faltering speech, yet who sees the firm hope, the humble reliance, and the calm, patient and pious resignation to the will of God, which these christians manifest, he must perceive the worth—nay—the superlative value of that faith and hope which sustain the soul 'when flesh and heart are failing!'

Die as we must, and meet the 'king of terrors' alone, as we go down into the 'land of darkness as of darkness itself;' is it then a matter of no concernment to us whether or not we can say, 'though I walk through the valley and shadow of death I will fear no evil?' Rather, is it not our highest wisdom, and will it not be the most ardent desire, and the most unvarying aim of our lives, so to live, and so to hope, that 'our last end may be that of the righteous,' and that we may adopt and feel the blessed sentiment expressed in the last words of Winchester?

'Eternity, transporting sound!

Whilst God exists my heaven remains:

Fulness of joy that knows no bound

Doth make my soul forget her pains.'

'A VISION OF MERCY.'

Original.

Br. Smith,—On reading one of the English annals, I was struck with the beauty of an allegory of the above name; and as there is an eloquent lesson conveyed by it, in a pleasant manner, to every reader possessed of a thoughtful mind and tender sensibilities, I thought that I should do the readers of the 'Universalist' a service by sending to you a copy of the 'Vision.'

METHOUGHT I walked through a long and miry lane, bordered by thick hedges. As I went on, the lane became deeper and the hedges taller, till my feet and my eyes were embarrassed. I proceeded, however; and on one side (which, unluckily for the perfectness of the allegory, was the RIGHT) I beheld a large house. The windows were open; and the rooms, from the top to the bottom, were brilliantly illuminated. Music and feasting were in every apartment; and as I passed the door, several persons, one most dear

friend among them, beckoned to me, and invited and urged me to stop. I hesitated, and was half disposed to yield; when a large black dog suddenly appeared, and growled and pushed against me. I endeavored to put him away; but the animal persisted, with a force which I became every moment less and less able to withstand, in hindering my entrance; and at length pressed me into the middle of the road and urged me onward. I went forward, yet unwillingly; looking back to the festivity from which I was thus debarred, and listening to the loud laugh which pursued me. That laugh and its afflicting derision I shall not easily forget.

The dog now accompanied, or rather followed close behind me, still urging me on, and with the same surly perseverance. The sound of the music and of the laughter, and the splendor of the lights, became less distinct, and my regret for their privation less painful. The dog too abated his angry growl; still, however, keeping close at my heel and pressing me forward. I felt that I could no more resist him than can a ship the driving wind.

At length a church, more correctly, I should term it, from its arrangement and structure, a chapel, appeared on the left hand. It was open, and lighted also with great brilliance. The voices of men too, and the sound of music, were there, as in the house which I had so reluctantly passed by; but far different was their tone. Here, the dog wheeled round to my right side; and growling again, urged me to go in, as pressingly as he had before opposed my entering the house. I obeyed him, not with my previous unwillingness, yet with the same incapacity of resistance.

The whole internal space was crowded with worshippers, at least so they seemed to be, whose voices blended with the music, in language which I understood not, but which was very sweet to mine ear. It was illumined by one immense central lustre, containing numberless lamps, each supplied with oil to its brim, and appearing like cups full to their edge, and ready to run over with bright and burning wine; and I expected every moment to see it overflow, and the multitude beneath covered with its stream. And, as I stood and wondered, I saw these words written on the back of the outermost bench in characters of gold:

SHALL I SUFFER NOT ONE DROP OF OIL FROM THESE LAMPS TO BE WASTED—AND SHALL I SUFFER ONE LIVING SOUL TO BE LOST?

Not a letter of this sentence have I forgotten, neither shall I forget.

We may make a moral use of the preceeding by regarding the scene of festivity and rude mirth, which the visionary first saw, as a representation of the oft unjustly eulogized 'pleasures of sin;' for in truth the road thereunto is a mighty lane, and the traveller finds very soon 'his feet and eyes embarrassed.'

The dog that warned him away, and growled at him, is a good type of the stern voice of duty that cries, 'My soul, come not thou into their secret. Unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united.'—And the deriding laugh he heard is like unto the mock of the vicious, and the scorn of the infidel,

which should never be heeded, or permitted to make us swerve from our duty.

The dog, or the voice of duty, urged him to flee from the riotous assembly, or the pleasures of sin, the end of whose mirth is heaviness, and soon the visionary came to a church, or the truth, wherefrom came sounds of music, or the chant,

'Wisdom's ways are pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.'

The strains of melody teach us that there is the purest pleasure to be derived from pursuing the path of duty, and that religion's ways are far from being gloomy and sad, but are the paths of cheerfulness, contentment, and joy. The music of the church was 'of a far different tone,' from that heard in the festive house; for while that of the votaries of sin

'Played round the head, but came not to the heart,' that of the abode of purity was born in high heaven, and had all the power of the poet's description—

'O! when Religion's mild and genial ray,
Around the frozen heart begins to play,
Music's soft breath falls on the quivering light;
The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright;
And that cold mass, by either power assailed,
Is warmed—made liquid—and to heaven exhaled.'

After entering the church he saw the 'vision of mercy,' and the same glorious vision bursts on the enraptured gaze of all who are admitted into the truth—the believing church; and thanks, fervent praise to Him who has given us a revelation that assures us that that vision shall be proved in the fulness of time to be a reality. God will not suffer one living soul to be endlessly lost in corruption and sin, he sent his Son to seek and save that which was lost, and of all the sheep of his flock, he will lose none.

Let the reader read in connection with the vision the 73d Psalm, and remember the moral of both.

East Cambridge, 1835.

B*.

PHRENOLOGY.—NO. VII.

Original.

FIRMNESS, is organ No. 15, and is situated at the top of the back part of the head, causing it, when full, to be higher there than at the parts adjoining. People noted for great stubbornness, and perseverance, have high heads, at the posterior coronal region, close upon the middle line. It was the notice of this fact which induced Dr. Gall to continue his observations, and compare his conclusions with what he saw, and which resulted at last in the analysis of Firmness.

This makes the child headstrong and stubborn; for it shows itself in this way, when not under the guidance of reason. It gives men and women the ability to persevere in whatever they undertake.—While some are easily turned from a purpose, others are as determined and immovable as the everlasting mountains. This fixedness of purpose results from large firmness.

The great contrast to be seen among all people, from the child to the man of gray hairs, can be accounted for, very satisfactorily, upon the principles of

Phrenology. Find the man who is stubborn—whom you cannot divert from his intended course, and that man's head will be high at the back part of the top. If he is cruel, his head will descend from the posterior coronal region, to the frontal bone, not very dissimilar to the roof of a house. But on the other hand, if he can be easily diverted from his course, and at the same time is very good-natured, the descent will be in the opposite direction.

The natural language of firmness, when not guided by reason, or when subject to ignorance, is, 'I will—I wont.' And to induce the person to go in a certain direction, you must pursue an opposite one, and attempt to persuade him so to do. Remember the indication of large firmness—it makes the head high at the back part of the top.

It is important to parents—to men in business—to mechanics—to all. Under its influence, great difficulties have been overcome—and men have risen from the lowest walks of life, to fill the most important offices in a kingdom or nation.

It is situated in the midst of the other faculties and feelings, and seems to give strength and stability to them all.

It is subject to many abuses. These are, stubbornness, and a blind infatuation. A determination to prosecute certain things even when reason revolts from the undertaking.

Organ No. 16 is called Conscientiousness. It is located upwards of cautiousness, on each side of firmness, causing, when large, the head to be full at that part—whereas, when deficient, there will be a sinking in between firmness and cautiousness.

The honor of this discovery is due to Dr. Spurzheim. Dr. Gall marked on his plates, at this part of the head—'Undiscovered.' In these brief articles, where we intend only to give a mere sketch of the different organs, it cannot be expected that all the interesting facts connected with the science can be noticed. The systems of metaphysics which are hostile to phrenology, we cannot examine. No profit would result from the undertaking; and the part of wisdom in this matter is, to sketch the science as its founders have laid it down.

Conscientiousness gives the feeling of justice and equity, which is known to dwell in the mind. If we are about to engage in any undertaking, this induces us to enquire—Is it right?—Is it just?—Is it proper? If there is a manifest impropriety in the undertaking, conscientiousness says—stay thy hand! See thou do it not! And the weaker the feeling, and the more feeble the development, the less powerful are the prohibitions of conscientiousness, when we are about to stray from virtue's pleasant paths.

It is not only the province of this faculty to castigate us when we go astray, and to reprove us when we have done wrong, but it gives the desired approval when we do righteously. It acts as the regulator of all the faculties and propensities. It restrains and keeps within due bounds, combativeness—it regulates acquisitiveness, and forbids the lover of gold to make it his god. Benevolence, without it, might lead to prodigality, or to profuseness in the distribution of mercies, which, if not restrained, might injure the donor and his family. It prompts to the discharge of

duty when we are remiss, and the ready payment of dues. It regulates the judgment with regard to our neighbors, and creates an earnestness of manner which indicates great sincerity. It does, when very active, make people exceedingly scrupulous about making promises—and when they are made, about fulfilling them; and the individual will never say no, when it is proper to say yes.

Small conscientiousness and large combativeness predisposes to skepticism. Sometimes it is diseased, and then a persuasion of having committed flagrant crimes preys upon the mind of the maniac, which often produces great depression of spirit. It can be cultivated.

We come now to notice the organ marked No. 17, called Hope.

It is situated on each side of veneration, and extends under a part of both frontal and parietal bones.

This is sometimes confounded with desire. Every organ has its desire, but not its expectation. For we may desire when we cannot expect. Hope makes us expect—it is the expectation of good. A criminal on the scaffold may desire to live, when he cannot hope for life—the die is cast, and he must lose his life.

Hope exists in different degrees in different individuals—some are full of hope, others are always in despair—fearing evil—and some derive more comfort from hope, than they do from its fulfilment. This all very well know. It is the same powers with which we expect different things, they being applied in different ways. It is under the guidance of other faculties, or in other words, it takes its guidance from them. As an illustration: Large acquisitiveness and hope will produce the expectation of becoming rich. Large love of approbation and hope will create an expectation to rise to eminence. Large veneration and hope will create the expectation to be saved and go to heaven.

It inspires the possessor with the expectation of great and brilliant things which are future; while cautiousness hangs clouds of thick darkness around the future.

While the person of great cautiousness is always in fear, the possessor of the organ of hope large, will be cheerful, and live in the expectation of good. When too energetic it causes men to enter into rash and inconsiderate speculations; and such persons never see their true situation until it is too late to avert great evils. They promise large, but rarely perform; and they seldom profit from experience. All ahead is fair and pleasant, they dream not of danger until sudden destruction comes upon them.

When not combined with acquisitiveness or love of approbation, it leads to indolence. With large hope, acquisitiveness full, and much cautiousness, one will save to become rich. With cautiousness small, hope leads to speculation. It removes the fear of death. Some in whom it is large, will linger upon the verge of the grave for months, firm in the expectation of recovering, while the opposite is the case where hope is feeble. With small combativeness, hope, cautiousness, and conscientiousness, the individual will be in continual fear of death and all that is connected with it. It favors faith and religion, because it looks into the future, and peoples it with joys and felicities.

From veneration an argument was derived in favor of the existence of God, so, from hope, an argument may be derived in favor of a future life. For if man has the expectation of another life, it is certainly the philosophy of nature, that there is another to satisfy his hope. It affects and comforts all, even the most uncivilized of our race. This has been noticed even by those who were totally unacquainted with Phrenology.

Pope gives a beautiful description of its effects upon the poor savage, in connexion with veneration:

'Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, a humbler heaven;
Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste;
Where slaves once more, their native land behold,
No fiends torment, nor Christians thirst for gold;
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire;
But HOPES, admitted to that humble sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Metaphysicians admit its existence, and Phrenology explains it. This the former have not pretended to do. They have left the subject wholly in the dark.

D. D. S.

AMBITION.

Original.

OUR passions and desires were given us by him who is wisdom itself; and were, therefore, given us for a wise and benevolent purpose.

But, that they have been misused, and thereby rendered a curse, we have a melancholy proof, in the history of not a few, whose unbounded ambition has proved their ruin.

We are peculiarly struck with this truth, when we contemplate the bright and dazzling, though guilty career of Napoleon Bonaparte.

His fame is deathless, 't is true, but what is its character? Does the mention of his name swell the heart of the Frenchman with honest pride, love, and admiration? Does it awaken such feelings as the name of the beloved and immortal Washington inspires in the heart of every patriotic American? The universal answer is, No. For while Napoleon became a slave, and was governed by his passions, Washington was guided by motives of the highest order—of the most godlike character. Napoleon may justly be called the spoiled child of fortune. He was dandled in her lap, and upon his head she, for a time, showered all her favors. At one time, he seems to have possessed every thing her power could bestow. Europe trembled at his name? His sceptre was stretched over one half the globe. His riches, his power, his fame, were beyond calculation. But did all this satisfy him? Was this the extent of his ambition? By no means. This only served to increase it. And what means did he employ to extend his empire, and to establish himself and his succes-

sors on a throne? He became a false friend, and a perjurer. Duty, justice, honor, and the most noble affections of the heart, were all sacrificed on the altar of ambition!

Fortune here seems to have veiled her face, and to have fled from the sight of so much perfidy in him, who had been her favorite. And Napoleon instead of love in life and honor in his death, expired almost alone, on a burning rock, in the wilds of Africa.

Reader! art thou ambitious? Let justice dictate, and wisdom guide you. Let no inducement, whatever, no promised reward of future greatness, lure thee from the path of virtue. For punishment awaits the guilty, as surely as the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth.

L. W. S.

Quincy, Mass. 1835.

AN EVENING SCENE.

Original.

THE sun had bowed his dazzling brow beneath
The ocean-wave; bright clouds, in massive folds
Of gold and purple hung, veiled his departure.
Slow the light faded from each tree-top green,
And quiet dwelling, which so late flashed back
His golden beams, and sober night spread out
Her dusky mantle o'er the scene. And then
The bride of even, in her pale beauty
Drest, forth from her curtain clouds gazed out,
And many a glittering gem of heaven's
Bright diadem lit up her joyous path.
The leafy trees were all in silver dipt,
And every flower bent its fair head,
Sparkling with diamonds, to evening's queen.
The glassy bay reposed in quiet rest,
And a twin heaven was pictured on its breast.
Its far off lighthouse, like the star of hope,
Gleams on the wanderer's eye, and ever
And anon, a swanlike sail shoots o'er its
Surface. Lovely bay! thy waters gliding
On are like the course of life, now troubled,
And now still:—But list! a flute's low swell, mingling
With woman's soft-toned voice, and the dark
Ocean's roar,—Nature's accompaniment—
Steals on the ear. There is a form of light
And beauty on yon flowery bank reclined;
The moonbeams play around her brow of snow
Shaded by glossy curls; her bright dark eyes
Beam on the one she loves, who by her side,
With mute attention hung upon her words,
As thus she sung:

Thy stillness, O night!

Calls forth thoughts divine,

And beauty bends now,

At thy star-lit shrine;

O'er earth hangs a veil of gossamer white;

Oh! who would not live in thy pale moonlight?

When far, far up

On a tireless pinion,

Through the dark blue space

Of heaven's dominion,

The mind is musing o'er worlds in its flight,
Who would not die in the pale moonlight?

Thought never painted
So lovely a scene,—
Gay fairies might dance
On yon silver green;

Oh! I know that the morning is fair and bright,
But I would live and die in the pale moonlight.
Hartford.

M. A. D.

AN ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

Original.

'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh,
when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.'—
Eccl. xii. 1.

THERE is nothing to which youth are more strongly inclined, than to neglect the subject of religion. They too generally form forbidding conceptions of its character, purposes, and requirements. It is viewed as something designed to blast and wither their fairest joys. It is regarded as what has little relation to our present happiness, as but poorly adapted to meet the wants of the youthful mind, and indeed, a thing which strikes at its very foundation. It is looked upon as something mainly designed to secure future bliss at the expense of present enjoyment, which can be as well and fully attained by repentance in old age or on a death-bed. Hence, multitudes disregard the winning voice of Jesus, neglect his councils, and remain unmindful of the great and good Parent of the universe. They continue thoughtless and indifferent. They endeavor to banish the thought from their minds, and seldom does one come forward calmly and deliberately, uninfluenced by terror, and make a public profession of religion.

By remembering our Creator in the days of our youth we are undoubtedly to understand, that we should not be forgetful that it was from him we derived our being; that it is he who sustains us, and bestows all the blessings we enjoy; that we are under the highest obligations for his past favors, and dependent upon him for all future enjoyments; that we should conduct with a deep sense of the truth, that God is our ever-present Father, and that we must render to him a strict and impartial account of all our doings. In other words, it implies that we should conduct with an habitual sense of the perpetual presence of our Father in heaven.

By the years in which men, who were not mindful of their Creator, should say, they had no pleasure in them, we are to understand old age. This is manifest from the context, for there immediately follows a figurative description of this period. We will quote it. 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;—while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain. In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be

darkened; and the door shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding shall be low; and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird; and all the daughters of music shall be brought low. Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. Or ever the silver chord be loosed, or the bowl be broken, or the pitcher at the fountain, or the wheel at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.'

Now, I maintain, as I think the wise man does in this passage, that, if youth would not have old age, evil days to themselves, should they live to see that period, they must be religious. They must be mindful of their Creator in the days of their youth, and cultivate religious feelings and a proper course of life. They must cherish that enlarged benevolence, that comprehensiveness of views, that tenderness of feeling, that nobleness of soul, that expansiveness of mind, that dignity, loftiness and firmness of principle, and that devout frame of mind and purity of intention and conduct, Christianity demands and requires.

No truth is more fully established by the experience of mankind, than, that every period of one's life is affected by the manner in which a previous period has been improved. If it has been spent in idleness, inactivity, and without the exercise and development of the faculties, a subsequent period pays the penalty. If in youth, time is misspent, property squandered, privileges abused, opportunities for improvement slighted, wrong habits formed, the man is doomed to pay the penalty. If at this period, wrong dispositions, feelings, habits of thought and principles, are cultivated, they affect the whole subsequent life; and unless they are checked by higher principles of action, grow deeper, more inveterate, and spread their baneful influence wider and wider as one's days increase, and are perpetually assuming a deeper and darker shade.

So it is in reference to the subject of religion. If in youth its demands are slighted and neglected, its consequences are felt in manhood, and through the whole life. If an acquaintance is not formed with the hopes it unfolds, there is nothing to shield one from the overwhelming pressure of the various calamities to which we are exposed. Misfortunes beset all to a greater or less extent, and if we have not those hopes revealed by religion, when the lowering storm appears, we are abandoned to wretchedness and misery, without one redeeming hope founded on the Rock of Ages. Death comes and takes away our friends, and if we have not learned, and believed, and felt, that life and immortality were brought to light by Jesus Christ, what wretched creatures we are! Such a soul is a scene of hideous darkness, abandoned to despair and ruin. A waste, howling, wilderness, consumed of terrors, and agitated by conflicting and raging passions.

The neglecting to acquaint ourselves with the hopes of christianity, not only subjects us to the loss of the consolation it would impart, but is sinking us lower and lower in thoughtlessness and unbelief. If a man does not acquire the hopes of christianity in early life,

so long as he neglects to acquaint himself with them, he is becoming worse and worse. Every calamity he suffers, every misfortune he meets with, and every bereavement he endures, while in this state, only hardens his heart, sours his feelings, and renders him less susceptible of the joys of a hope for bliss to come, and less likely to attain them. The longer he lives without them, the more doubtful he will be of their reality, and the more unwilling to seek for them with earnestness and zeal. Hence, we uniformly find men, who have spent a youth of thoughtlessness, in middle and old age are greatly disposed to doubt the reality of a future state of existence. They have not that firm and unwavering faith in this so much needed truth, as he who has ever been thoughtful and considerate. This is the reason why we so frequently hear men, venerable for years, and whose virtue is undoubted, speak in terms of doubt in reference to the future, and so frequently maintain it is all a subject of doubt and uncertainty. This is thoughtlessness in youth, visited on maturity, middle and old age.

With the neglect of the hopes unfolded by the christian revelation are connected other neglects, equally fatal to human happiness. If one is thoughtless as to the hopes of christianity, he will be equally so as to personal cultivation, and moral improvement. Destitute of the consolations of religious knowledge, the misfortunes and miseries of life, and the cares and perplexities of the world, will irritate his feelings, sour his disposition, harden his heart, undermine his principles, subdue his moral sensibilities, and render him churlish, passionate and revengeful. These things, so contrary to the principles and spirit of our religion, are a perpetual source of unhappiness and misery, and they become more and more inveterate and assume a darker malignity in a progressive series.

Such a state of mind and feelings being cherished in youth, in middle age, becoming strengthened in old age, they bring the days and years, when men will say, 'I have no pleasure in them.' These will surely bring an old age of wretchedness and misery. Comforts from without then fail. The beauties of nature lose their charms and all physical pleasures are gone. No longer can time be beguiled by business, nor the longing sensation within for something not attained, be banished by immersing themselves in the cares of the world. The bustling world, the excitements of competition, the toils of business, the intoxication of pleasure, with all the nameless things which absorb the thoughts and feelings of mankind, cannot at this period compensate those sources of happiness needed within. Deprived of these substitutes, joy flees away. Having no stores of useful knowledge, no moral and religious improvement, no elevation of soul, no refinement of feelings, no deep-rooted, well-established principles; being destitute of a self-approving conscience, a firm reliance upon the Father of all, a calm resignation to his will, and comforts from without failing, and no source within from which to draw, they are abandoned to a state of disquietude, peevishness, discontent with all the evils and miseries incidental thereto.

What a wretched creature is that man whose head

is whitened with the frosts of many winters, whose cheek is furrowed by the cares, anxieties and toils of earth, and whose time-worn brow, just peering above the grave, like a monument of olden time, which has withstood the peltings of many a furious storm, when all within is confusion and turmoil. He is peevish and fretful, dissatisfied with every thing transpiring around him; fretting against divine providence for the disposition it makes of things, and perpetually haunted by self-reproach, and all the gnawings of a mind unreconciled to God. He is a burden to himself, a source of trial and affliction to his friends, and an annoyance to all around him. Being destitute of any resources of happiness within, having failed to attain that character, those dispositions, and that knowledge designed to render one self-satisfied, and sources of happiness from without failing, what a wretch must such a character be! He lives unloved and dies unlamented by mankind. His removal is hailed as the dawning of a day of peace to those around him. He is laid in his grave and forgotten. Such are the evil days that will come upon those who forget their Creator in the days of their youth. What greater evil can come upon a man in this life, than to be doomed to such a state of mind, feeling and end as this?

This is the predoomed, predetermined fate of that youth, who remembers not his Creator in the days of his youth: for when those evil days come, he will find it is no slight matter for him to correct those mistakes of past times. It is the destiny of him who neglects the opportunities he enjoys to form an acquaintance with the divine character, his requirements, and his designs concerning his intelligent creation. It is the end reserved for him, who passes his youth heedlessly and thoughtlessly, neglecting to cultivate a proper character, dispositions, habits, feelings, principles and practices. It is a principle which is fixed. It is a doom not to be avoided, in such cases, for by a course of conduct of this description, a permanent impression is made upon the character, and those evil and tormenting dispositions acquire strength and permanency; and of course, their consequences can only be removed by a removal of the cause, which is not the labor of a moment. Who then will neglect to seek the true knowledge of God, the improvement of their characters, their dispositions and habits; and thereby attain a firm reliance upon the Divinity, a confidence in his government, and a conscience at ease, with all the pleasures they are calculated to impart? Such is the highest boon mortals may attain, and what nothing earthly can either give or take away.

We have said youth generally look upon religion as something not congenial with the human soul, nor consistent with present enjoyment. That it is so, all know. Hence we find the greater part of young people putting off all attention to the subject of religion, until they are settled in life, old age, or a death-bed. A repentance at such times is supposed to receive all the benefits that could be attained by early attention to the subject, and long and careful culture. They imagine, to become pious in early life, would subject them to trials and afflictions they might otherwise have avoided, without any real and sub-

stantial benefit being received, either to their present or future welfare. They suppose it demands sacrifices and duties, irksome in performance and useless in their nature.

Now we maintain, and shall endeavor to prove, all this is a mistake. We insist upon it, religion, setting aside all subsequent consequences, both in this and the future state, arising from its neglect, is calculated to promote the present happiness of youth, meets the great demands of the human soul, and produces a self-satisfaction no where else to be found. It fills a vacuum which nothing else can fill. 1. We shall prove this from the nature of the thing. 2. From the testimony of universal experience. These are both full to my purpose.

1. We are to prove from the nature of the case that religion is designed to promote the present happiness of mankind, youth not excepted.

That we may be intelligible upon this point, we will briefly state what we mean by being pious. In the first place, we do not mean by it, a mere fluency in talking upon the subject of religion, a profession of self abasement, a love for the forms of religion, a peculiar attachment to this party, that, or the other, a fiery zeal for the multiplication of converts, or a determined adherence to the most approved forms of orthodoxy. An individual may have all this, and much more of the same kind, and yet be more destitute of real piety than many who never heard of the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But we do mean having an acquaintance with the divine character, looking up to Jehovah at all times as our ever-present Father, having a firm and unwavering trust in his parental care, in the order of his providence, in his benevolent designs concerning his intelligent offspring, a calm and filial resignation to his will, in all the events of life, a deep devotion, love, and reverence springing up in our hearts, a greater attachment to truth and righteousness, than to any party consideration whatever. We do mean having at all times a feeling of dependence upon our Creator, an assurance of his preserving care, which shall calm all our fears, which shall elevate our souls above the reach of the blighting and withering influence of the trials of earth, which shall carry us through the worst ills of life with calmness and resignation. We mean that assurance of an existence beyond the grave, which assuages our grief, on laying our friends in the silent and dreary mansions of the dead, and makes us feel that while we lay their cold and stiffened remains in the grave, their spirits are gone to the universal Parent to partake of everlasting bliss, when purified from their sins and prepared for its enjoyment. We mean being possessed of all those deep feelings—that high sense of our obligations to the Supreme—that reverence for greatness, goodness, excellence, and that ardent love for our God and our brethren—that constant flow of devotional feeling, and attachment to humanity—that loftiness of sentiment and feeling, which calms the mind, soothes the heart, elevates the feelings, subdues bad passions, dispositions, and propensities—imparts strength and firmness to the higher principles—prepares us to resist every temptation—makes us patient under afflictions, bereavements and deaths

—fits us to face the severest storms of life with calmness and resignation—produces patience under every ill this world may inflict—gives strength and stability to our characters, energy to our purposes, activity in well doing, devotedness to the welfare of mankind—fills our hearts with charity, benevolence and joy—makes us humble, condescending, and willing to confess our faults when convinced of them—infuses a gentleness and kindness into our hearts—induces a purity of intention and purpose, an uprightness of character, around which is thrown a sublime majesty and greatness, no how else to be attained, and a self-satisfaction, a consciousness of moral strength and the support of the Supreme, which gives courage to face the worst temptations—to go to the stake or gibbet with composure, and which fills the soul with a perpetual and chastened joy. Such a calm, such a rational piety as this, knows no fear, feels no misgivings, dreads no evils, is terrified at no adversaries; for its confidence is placed on the Rock of Ages. It looks through all the sin, error, ignorance and delusion which abounds in the world, to the time when all this shall be removed—when it shall no longer cast a mist before human vision—when it shall meet a ransomed world in heaven, purified from sin, to enjoy the smiles of the Universal Parent forever. It preserves from all fearful apprehensions as to the final destiny of any of those connected with its possessor, however deeply the plague spots of sin may be fixed upon their souls, nor of the result of any adverse events, for it makes one feel, that he who governs all things, designs to bring good out of all these seeming evils.

Now we ask—can such a religion as this make any one unhappy, even for the time being? Is such a piety designed, or can it diminish the joys of youth? Will it produce unhappiness to believe one's-self under the constant protection of Jehovah? to feel that they may look up to him with an assurance of protection, under all the ills of life? to view him under the aspect of a kind and tender parent, who is ever present, attending to our slightest wants? to feel a calm resignation to his will, a confidence in his promises? to have a conscience at ease? to have a feeling that blessings will be granted under every besetting evil? to have a confidence which makes us fearless of the power of temptation and all the crafty schemes of the tempter? Will such feelings as these destroy the peace of any one? No. All feel they would contribute in an eminent degree to human happiness, and especially to the young. They fill a vacancy within, which nothing this world affords can fill. They meet the great demands of human nature, they answer the soul's longing desires, they give a lofty and refined tone to youthful pleasures, they throw around the youthful character a super-human beauty and greatness, they infuse into it an unearthly attractiveness, and splendor, and majesty. Such a generous piety is peculiarly adapted to the condition of the young. It gives a suppressed energy to their feelings, it contributes to their generous warmth, and gives them a deeper glow of fervency, with a purity and simplicity not of earth. It meets the great wants of the youthful heart, and prepares them to meet with composure all the ills of human life. Will this make

the youth unhappy? Will this diminish their real joys?

2. We maintain all this is sustained by the actual experience of all young persons who have become truly pious. We might adduce numerous instances in support of this position. But it is unnecessary; for you all know such is the testimony of all persons of this description. And not only this, but all truly pious youths show by their constant appearance, the smile of inward satisfaction, their uniform kindness, deepness of feeling, generousness of deportment, unwavering integrity, tenderness of heart, and the unruffled state of feeling they manifest, that they are happy in their religion. They show themselves superior to the trifling perplexities of the world. They soar above them, and manifest a superior greatness of soul. True, it may be said, we see little of this manifested by the most of youths professing to be pious. They are often gloomy and unhappy, petulant, ungenerous and bigoted. This is undoubtedly true. But it will be recollected there is some difference between professing and possessing. Such developements show they do not possess what they profess.

Permit me to ask your attention to the testimony of a young friend of ours upon this point, one who is blooming with youth; in a recent communication he says:—'The more I contemplate the goodness of God, and the example of our Saviour, the more I feel attached to the human family. The hope I have of meeting all in a world of happiness, fills me with joy inexpressible. Would that all could feel as I now do, then there would be no bigot to lift his head nor breathe his poisonous breath. All would then unite in the worship of the God who is love. I was not always so happy, for I was thoughtless and seldom thought of him who watched over me, and oh! how much I have lost! Now when I am in trouble, I look to him who is willing to give, and almost imagine myself in the mansions of bliss. Then is my heart filled with love and my eyes with tears of gratitude. Oh! what a happying faith! what joy it is calculated to impart!' Such is the language of one who has lived in thoughtlessness, and since partaken of the joys of pure religion. Is not such a state of feeling worth seeking? Does it detract from youthful joys? Is there a young person that reads this article or on the face of the earth, but that feels such a state of mind and feeling is far above the phantoms which flit across the thoughtless mind, and are called joys? Who can persuade themselves that such views and such feelings are productive of pain? No one. All feel in their souls, that the pleasures arising from the baubles of earth are contemptible when compared with this. They look low and diminutive, unworthy a rational and moral being.

What youth does not desire to partake of these chastened joys, these overflowings of the soul, these generous emotions, these warm effusions of the heart? I know it is what commends itself to every youthful heart, and at times all desire it. None are so stupid and thoughtless, but at times they feel a vague impression, if nothing more, of the need of these sources of enjoyment, these supports to virtue, these purifiers of the heart. Do you, my young friends, feel the need of the assistance of such a religion to strength-

en your principles, to prepare you for the events of life and advance you to everlasting bliss? Then, 'remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' Seek the knowledge of our Father above; and you will find. Draw near to him and he will draw nigh to you. Study the religion of Jesus Christ, labor to imbibe its spirit, ask for divine assistance in moral improvement, and you will attain it. Who is that youth, which will neglect so great and precious a blessing? Who will slight a religion so full of joy and consolation, which our Father in heaven sent his own son to promulgate, and in defence of which he suffered, and bled, and died? Who will neglect this great salvation, so much needed by the frail children of mortality in this variegated state of being? Is it not worthy our efforts to attain? Is it not what we all need?

My friends, think as we please upon the subject now, the time will come, when we shall feel the need of its sustaining, consoling power. Let me persuade every young person, especially, to think well upon this subject, and not here resolve to seek this glorious faith, and then go away and stifle these resolutions, these desires, these aspirations, by immersing themselves in the cares of the world, and a thoughtlessness of mind. Cherish these desires, seek for the true knowledge of God, and worship him with a pure spirit fervently. I beseech all my young friends by all that they consider dear—present happiness, the joys of middle age, the comforts of a well cultivated and devout mind in old age, with all the joys of this world, not to cherish thoughtlessness of mind in reference to the subject of religion, but to 'Remember now their Creator in the days of their youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.'

D. F.

Chester, Vt.

LOST IN THE WOODS—A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Original.

I WILL tell you an adventure which happened to Charles Graham, a young acquaintance of mine. Now Charles was a very good boy, he always obeyed his parents, learned his lessons, and never came late to school. His father was a farmer, and Charles did all he could to help him; he fed the pigs, took care of the poultry and drove the cows to pasture, besides having a good deal of time to amuse and take care of his little sister Anne, whom he loved very much. Charles never teased and plagued his sister as boys sometimes do; he would not have made her cry for any thing, but tried to teach her something and keep her out of mischief.

One day Mrs. Graham wished to send a letter to her brother who resided about the distance of a mile from their farm. It happened there was no school, so she told her son he might take it, and spend the day at his uncle's. He was delighted with the opportunity, and set out with a happy heart, in the forenoon of a bright midsummer day. He was obliged to cross a large piece of woods on the way; it being quite warm the coolness and shade made it very pleasant. As he went slowly along, watching the birds as they flew from bough to bough, making the

woods melodious with their songs, and thinking how beautiful God had made the world and all the happy creatures he saw around—for he had been taught to think of these things;—he espied a splendid golden oricle: part of its head and wings were black and its body of a most brilliant gold-color: he was so surprised and delighted with its beauty and the sweetness of its notes, that entirely forgetting his errand he followed it far away from the path. At last he came to a lovely river and seated himself upon the bank to admire the landscape. The lively squirrel was skipping about with its little bright eyes fixed on him, ready to dart off at a moment's warning if he should stir; a strange horse was regaling himself with the green grass, the fish were sporting about in the stream, and the bees flying from flower to flower. Not a wave or ripple-crossed the bosom of the river which lay smooth as glass before him, in some parts shaded to silver by the high o'er-hanging trees, and in others shining like beaten gold in the sun-light. For a long time he amused himself throwing stones into its still depths, watching the tiny rings they made, growing larger and larger, till they reached from shore to shore. Charles had read a good many books and was very fond of poetry, so taking a piece of paper and pencil from his pocket, he thought he would try to write some; here it is, you can see how you like it.

With the Bee I'd like to wander,
Sweets from every flower to take,
But the Bees must not be idle,
In their lives they honey make.

With the Horse I'd like to gambol,
On the smooth and shining green;
But the horse cannot be idle,
He must draw his master's team.

Or with birds through air sailing,
On the top of trees to rest;
But the birds cannot be idle,
Every one must build their nest.

With the squirrel I would scamper,
Far from every roguish knave;
But the squirrel is not idle,
He must stores for winter save.

Then if all these lively creatures,
Ever something find to do;
Little boys should not be idle,
They must be industrious too.

Having finished this, when putting it in his pocket he felt his uncle's letter, and in a moment thought how wrong it was to have been so careless and forgetful; but the best of children are likely to do wrong, and they must be very careful and try to consider to what their actions will lead. He now thought to go directly to the road, but wandered about a long time without success, and again found himself by the same river, though in a different place. The sun was now setting, and touched the tops of the tall pines with his farewell beams, making their slender branches appear like paints of fire. The long summer twilight succeeded, and faded to evening's shade.

The countless stars came out, host after host, glittering with unrivalled brilliance in the moonless sky. Still Charles was there, and being very tired began to look round for a sleeping place. He did not care much about passing a night in the woods on his own account, for he had never been told stories of ghosts and robbers, which silly people are in the habit of telling children; he knew there were no bears or lions there, and he was too brave a boy to be afraid of a squirrel or a mouse, but he knew his parents would be alarmed and was very sorry to give them cause for anxiety. Thinking he might take cold to sleep on the damp ground, he climbed a low tree.

'Well,' thought he, 'the Swiss family, Robinson, were obliged to sleep in a higher tree than this, and Robinson Crusoe was a great deal worse off than I am; if I should ever be cast away on a desert island I should know what to do for a bed. Thus trying to be contented with his situation, and committing himself in a short prayer to the care of his Heavenly Father, the little philosopher fell fast asleep, and was soon dreaming wonderfully; and as dreams generally take their hue from something we have lately said or done, he imagined that he stood on a high mountain gazing upon a broad spread and beautiful country, which lay uninhabited by man, at his feet. He was about to descend, but felt a sensation of chillness: the green sides of the mountain had changed to ice—his feet slipped, and he was rolling from top to bottom, when he awoke and found the night air was cold; and that he had changed his position a very little which caused the idea of falling. Again he slept, and was now strolling Crusoe-like over a vast extent of woods; he was dressed in the skins of animals which had been slain by the prowess of his arm, and as he started back in horror at the print of a savage foot, the belt of his uncouth dress seemed most unmercifully tight. Now on awaking the handkerchief strained very hard as he stirred. 'Well,' he thought, 'it is not so very pleasant to sleep in a tree after all,' but drowsiness soon had him back in the land of shadows, and he was upon the village green, looking at a company of soldiers as they went through their evolutions. Soon the fife played, and the drums beat, but so loud they almost stunned him: he thought he had never heard such a noise before. He put his hands to his ears and would have run away, but he could not stir from the spot. This time it was not all imagination: on opening his eyes the light of lanterns was glancing among the trees and people were ringing a bell and shouting, 'Charles, Charles, where are you?' It was his father and some of the neighbors who had joined in the search. He soon made them acquainted with his situation, was joyfully received and led home to his anxious mother; and often afterwards delighted little Anne with the story of the night in the woods.

PRIDE.

Original.

PRIDE is the abuse of a natural principle, which gives rise to self-respect. A phrenologist would call the principle of self-respect, self-esteem. And he would,

as I think, very correctly, call pride, a gross abuse of self-esteem. It is not the principle of self-respect which is to be condemned, but the abuse of it.

This sin is the exalted opinion which many people have of themselves, which causes them to look disdainfully upon others, whom they judge to be inferior, and not worthy of their company or attention. It shows itself generally, in the appearance and conversation. I have known persons, among all classes, and both sexes, to despise some, who were equally as good as themselves, because they were not so comfortably situated in life!

When I see a young man or a young woman, as is too often the case, treating with marked contempt and neglect, a poor unfortunate being, or one who has in an unguarded moment strayed from the path of virtue, but repented of the sin, in dust and ashes, I pity them, I tremble for them. I say to myself, young man or young woman, you are both in the morning of life, the world is before you, temptations are on every side, and you may fall, the same evil will perchance come upon you which now causes you to treat with contempt your unfortunate fellow beings. Beware! beware! for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.

Go, learn humility of the great master of christians, who received publicans and sinners and ate and drank with them; not to countenance their iniquities, but to let the light of his brilliant example shine before them, and thus win them to the practice of righteousness.

A proud look does not consist in dress, nor altogether in appearance, but in the state of the mind, in the feelings. And this is not confined to the non-professors of religion. Very many in the church are proud, and look with disdain upon others, regarding themselves as the peculiar favorites of heaven, and others as the objects of God's displeasure, who must forever be excluded from his presence and kingdom on high.

Such are described by Isaiah, in these words, 'Who say, stand by thyself, come not near me, for I am holier than thou. The Pharisees of old, were people of this description. And one of them was aptly described by our Savior, in the parable recorded in Luke xviii. 'Two men went up into the temple to pray, the one a publican, the other a pharisee.' The latter stood and prayed thus with himself, Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men, even this poor publican. I fast twice a day, and pay tithes of all I possess. But the publican stood afar off, and did not dare so much as to lift his eyes to heaven, but smote on his breast and cried, God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, said our Saviour, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other.

Here we have a fair illustration of what is termed a proud look, and also of the opposite state of mind, in the case of the publican.

Pride shows itself among professed christians in a character somewhat amusing. They will get up in meeting, and tell all present, how wicked they are—that they do every thing they ought not to, and leave undone every thing they ought to do. But, if you were to tell them they spoke the truth,

and affirm that they were actually as bad as they have represented themselves to be, they would take it in high dudgeon, and be disposed to prosecute you for defamation of character. For they are like unto the man who prayed in jest, but did not wish to be taken in earnest.

And when I have read of, or witnessed these things, I have thought of the words of the poet of old, as being applicable to them, and as a just description of their humility:

'Proud I am, my wants to see,
Proud of my humility.'

From such humility, I would say, in the language of the church creed, 'Good Lord deliver us.'

Pride is opposed to the peace, prosperity, and glory of its possessor. Solomon says: 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall;' and again, 'When pride cometh, then cometh shame.'

It is often the downfall of both young and old. Let all, therefore, beware of it. It is a pernicious evil. The minister of Christ, if lifted up with pride, will according to the language of Paul, 'Fall into condemnation of Satan.'

God is opposed to it, because he is our Father, he loves his children, we are brethren of the same family, and it is the pleasure of our parent, that we be united, and dwell in love and peace. D. D. S.

STANZAS

Spoken at the grave of the Rev. Isaac Whitnall, on erecting a marble slab to his memory, Nov. 1835.

Original.

'T is not a nation's trumpet sound
For some brave hero fled,
That calls us from our homes around,
To walk among the dead;—
'T is virtue, piety, and worth,
That brings the godlike christian forth.

Say what the haughty, laurelled chief,
Girt with a nation's might—
The tyrant, careless of relief—
The prince—the belted knight;—
Ah, Whitnall! meaner is their fame,
Than that, which gathers on thy name.

If when ambition's bloody cause
Finds Death upon his throne,
The nations of the earth will pause,
And sighing, heave a groan;—
Well may the christian drop a tear,
For him, whose ashes slumber here.

There was no costly, blazing crown,
Of pearls, and diamonds made.
Such as may grace a monarch's frown,
Upon his white locks laid;
Yet, yet a brighter crown he bore,
Than haughty tyrants ever wore.

There was no laurel on his brow,
Such as the warrior wears,
That tells of noble hearts laid low,—
Of widow's, orphan's tears;
But Virtue wove a garland fair,
And mercy bound it on his hair.

His bosom heaved the feeling sigh
Of pity and relief;
Ah! willing would his footsteps fly,
To soothe the pangs of grief;
Nor would he poverty deride,
To court the smile of wealth and pride.

In him the widow found a friend;
The orphan had a guide;
His practice would the christian mend;
His words the sinner chide;
Eternal Truth was on his tongue;
His theme the song that angels sung.

And is he gone? Yes, far on high,
Where white-robed seraphs sing,
To mingle in a starry sky,
Beneath th' Almighty's wing;
And hither we have come to pay
A tribute to his sleeping clay.

Bring flowers—whose aged locks are white—
Bring flow'rs, ye blooming youth—
Bring flowers—fresh flowers, from vale and
height—
Bring flowers, and honor Truth—
Bring flowers, and strew them o'er his tomb—
Bring flowers, sweet flowers, that ever bloom.

E. D. K.

MURDER.

Original.

THE shedding of innocent blood is something revolting to the finer feelings of all. But notwithstanding the turpitude of the action how much blood has been spilt to gratify the revenge of a few, or to nourish superstition and ignorance! Shameful to relate the practice has not been confined to the profligate and irreligious, but in the church, in the defence of superstitions of long standing, innocent victims have poured forth their life's blood in defence of the truth. Men, claiming to act in defence of the religion of the God of love and peace, have led innocent men, women and children to the block, and deprived them of life, to gratify a spirit which transforms man into a demon!

Our Saviour, who knew no sin, and in whose mouth was found no guile, bled and died, by the hands of those who were disposed to shed innocent blood. And notwithstanding their own judge said—I find no fault in the man, they still determined on perpetrating the diabolical act, and ceased not, until the pure and holy victim was suspended upon the cross.

The apostles of our Lord; the early christians who believed on Jesus through their word; those

who suffered martyrdom in defence of the sacred rights of conscience, are proof conclusive, that innocent blood has been shed; and the divinity within us; that better part of our nature, which bears a resemblance to the great Creator and Father of us all, revolts and starts with horror at the appalling spectacle which the subject sets before us, teaching in unequivocal language, and announcing in terms not easily misunderstood, that God hates the shedding of innocent blood. He delights in the salvation of his people, in the happiness of his children.

D. D. S.

INTRODUCTION TO A LADY'S ALBUM.

Original.

FORTH—little volume, and invite
Affection snowy hand, to write
Upon thy page, of lily white,
A tribute to thy friend.

Go gather in each sunny hour,
The honey-sweets from every flower,
That blooms in friendship's rosy bower,
To sweeten sorrow's cup.

Let Virtue fair and science bright,
Pour on thy page a starry light,
To cheer the lone, and wintry night,
Of trouble, grief, and care. E. D. K.

PREJUDICE.

Original.

A MAN under the influence of prejudice, is like unto a person who looks at objects through colored glass—every object he beholds is of the same complexion as the medium through which he exercises his powers of vision. When the devotee of this passion enters any company, the resolution is established in his mind, not to reason upon any topic without bringing to his mind this monster. All the arts and sciences have suffered by prejudice. Religion, the angel of peace to mankind, has been retarded in her progress, and thwarted in her benevolent exertions by prejudice. But the time will arrive, when true knowledge will fill the whole earth. Then prejudice shall flee away, like the morning cloud before the bright rays of the sun.

MISCHIEF.

Original.

MANY persons proceed to the commission of crime with great alacrity. They are vigilant and diligent in the prosecution of iniquity, as if they were fearful of losing time, or were impatient of delay in a work so abominable. Some men will be more than fifty times as earnest to circulate an evil report, as they will to spread a good one, or to correct a misstatement.

Fisher Ames said: 'Falsehood will go from Georgia to Maine, while Truth is putting her shoes

on.' And there is much truth and correctness in the remark, though it is uncouth. For it is a fact, and it is too true of us all, that we are more swift in disseminating the peculiarities and eccentricities and foibles of our associates, than we are in spreading their virtues. And while we acknowledge the truth of this remark, and plead guilty to the charge it contains, let us aim to correct the evil, amend our ways, and for the future be swift to do good, cease to do evil, and learn to do well—remembering that God is opposed to the practice of iniquity.

D. D. S.

THE RESURRECTION.

Original.

To meditate on the sublime history of the revelator of 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God,' is delightful and instructive; it will cause us the more and more to love and admire him who was the image of the invisible God, the great teacher of man. Before his appearance shadows and darkness were on the minds of men when they thought of a future existence; dim reason's light alone illuminated their way, and flickering and unsteady were its beams; but when the sun of righteousness arose from the darkness of death he scattered all doubts and fears, and 'brought life and immortality to light;' man triumphed in immortal hope; rejoicing in the blest assurance of the now ascended Redeemer, 'As I live, ye shall live also.'

The grave is no longer the barren desert where horrors unnumbered reign; Jesus has been there, the sinless has died, and rose, and planted the roses of hope around the tomb—crushed the stings of despair, and led captivity captive. The mighty arm, and holy hand of God hath given him the victory; and he hath gone to sit in heavenly places, amid a triumphant shout of angels and archangels—the purified sons of God; and well may man in exultation sing;

Shout, ye saints, till the heavens give back

The gladsome, glorious strain;

Say that Christ is risen indeed

O'er death and the grave to reign.

Shout, till the streams shall catch the sound,

And the rushing forests sing;

Oceans and rivers lift their voice

To praise fair Zion's King.

B*.

East Cambridge, 1835.

DISCORD.

Original.

No greater evil can be conceived of, than discord among brethren! And if the state of society where this monster dwells, is full of horror, what must be the character of him who employs all his powers to produce this state of things? He must be a demon in human form! A man, you cannot call him. He is a being so dreadful, that we cannot describe him.

The individual who makes mischief between re-

lations and neighbors, and by using all wicked means possible, not only to alienate their affections the one from the other, but irritates their passions one against the other, is the character of him who is referred to in our text. This is generally done by tale-bearing, slandering, and by carrying ill-natured stories, and aggravating every thing that is said or done; and by suggesting jealousies, and evil surmises, they blow the coals of contention, and are preparing for themselves a fire of the same nature.

Such an one cannot long retain the confidence of his brethren, for he is not worthy to be trusted, because he is not of a faithful spirit. 'A talebearer revealeth secrets, but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter. A talebearer separateth very friends; where there is no wood, the fire goeth out, so where there is no talebearer, strife ceaseth. A serpent will bite without enchantment, and a babler is no better.' Such is the testimony of inspiration, and the experience of every one responds to its truth.

There is not a man in the community but what conceives himself injured when he finds another meddling with his affairs, and taking the liberty, unrequested, to examine his conduct. Being thus improperly, and unnecessarily disturbed, he claims the right of disturbing in his turn, those who have disturbed him. Hence, many a friendship has been broken; the peace of many a family has been overthrown; and much lasting and bitter discord has been propagated through society. 'Mark those who cause divisions,' said Paul—and so say we.

Kind readers, watch narrowly the man who aims to divide your families, your neighborhoods, your societies. Bid him not 'God speed.' For he is a wolf in sheep's clothing. No matter if he comes to you as a minister of Jesus Christ, if he aims to divide and scatter, he is preaching another gospel. He has run without being sent, and will not profit the people.

D. D. S.

LINES FOR CHILDREN.

Original.

I HAVE gazed on the flowers of earth;
They seemed to be lovely and fair,
But they cannot unto me bring mirth,
Nor with my dear Jesus compare.

O, he is my only delight!

And while I can say he is mine,

I will call him my Saviour and Friend.

And to him my first love confine.

The roses and lilies may bloom,

And with choicest perfume fill the air;

But sudden decay is their doom,

While he remains fragrant and fair.

Dear Jesus, as thou art my King,

And as thou hast said, 'I am thine,'

O, help me thy praises to sing,

And teach me to say, 'Thou art mine.'